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A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE PRESENT STATE OF LITERATURE IN AMERICA.

THE Americans cultivate by a sort of predilection, our language and our literature; and in this respect their citizens coming from Germany, France, and Holland do the same. In agreeable and polite literature, they yield to England, Germany, France, and Italy. They cultivate, however, with success, all kinds of poetry and romance; and their best works in these two branches, have found translators in Europe. They have also a taste for theatrical performances; and a great English actor has acknowledged to receive more encouragement during his stay in four or five of their principal cities, in the midst of a population of 400,000 inhabitants, than he ever experienced in London. In books of education, history, and politics, they are not inferior to the principal European nations; and it is their own works that they use in their schools and seminaries, and which form their legislatures, jurisconsults, and physicians. Besides their general history of the confederation, they have the histories of the eighteen states of union, composed by national writers, and all of these are veridical and rich in fact; the biography too of their great men, is far from being neglected.

In mathematics and chemistry, they are not on a level with Europe; but in works of botany, metallurgy, ornithology, astronomy, and navigation they can support a competition. Their grammatical enquiries respect-

ing the languages of their country have opened a new field to the philologists of France and Germany. The American maps are copied by the geographers of Europe. The atlas of M. Tanner, displays in this respect, great perfection; they have likewise important treatises upon the hydrography of their states; and their authors have published important maritime discoveries; whilst the learned world is indebted to the encouragement of their congress, for the best and most profound of all the statistical collections extant.

The press of Cambridge and Philadelphia, of the Literary Society of New York, and of the Philosophical Society, as well as that of the Congress and others, bring to light every year very interesting literary productions. One of their papers alone, has lately announced more than 150 American works, all new, and consisting of novels, poems, travels, treatises upon moral philosophy, mineralogy, physical and political geography, history, biography, philology, oratory, chemistry applied to the arts, agriculture, gardening, and mechanics; their official writings upon public affairs, and the reports of their chief secretary of state, are very distinguished works.

The United States are also the firmest supporters of the liberty of the seas, and of agriculture in its relation with commerce. They were the first to prohibit the slave trade,

and declare it a piracy. Their doctrine of government and the finances, has even found followers in some parts of Europe.

Printing with them is carried on after a more extensive scale, and to greater advantage than with us; and it is in their own editions, that they most generally read foreign works. Our books when imported to their country, are as so much seed for typographical harvests. They expend yearly in publishing, from two to three millions of dollars; but they want a law to protect this kind of property. They have published, since these last three years, 7,500 copies of Stewart's *Philosophy*; and a capital of 500,000 dollars is employed for the reprinting Rees's *Encyclopedia*. They have also printed 200,000 copies of the novels by the author of *Waverley*, which make in all 500,000 volumes: and there is always on their public roads, two hundred waggons loaded with books. A single article, the *Life of Washington*, by M. Weems, has had a run of more than 100,000 copies. They print also a great number of journals and literary reviews. The *North American Review* has a sale of 4000 copies, and they reprint an equal number of our *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews*. Though they have only ten millions of inhabitants, they have more than one thousand periodical papers, or civil and political journals, each of which has many thousand subscribers. But their great advantage is the liberty of the press, which has been ever indispensable to freedom and prosperity. An American would not take the delights of France and Italy, in exchange for the newspapers that reach him from all parts, bringing him the most useful instruction, and grateful refreshment in his leisure hours. He knows by experience, that the happy fruits of the liberty of the press, not only make amends for its possible abuse, but weakens it effectually. Their licentious papers die away for want of readers; whilst those that succeed, are conformable to sound reason and

exempt from satire. Each makes his complaint in the journals when he pleases, and as he pleases; the public do immediate justice to all, after the same manner that the most enlightened and impartial jury might be supposed to proceed in a court-house. Yes, imprisonment, the scaffold and torture, are less efficacious for repressing the abuse of the press, than that liberty which the Americans enjoy. Though you should arm yourself with judiciary labours, for the end of imposing on credulity, or call in the aid of blasphemy and calumny, you only still increase the evil.

The Americans have in exercise, 44,000 commissions for encouraging inventions and improvements in the arts. Neither England nor France has so many; and their conservatory of models is as richly stocked as that belonging to either of these countries. Their manufactories for the spinning of cotton are productive of more wealth than taxes upon this industry could produce. Their mills too are superior to those of Europe; and they have invented twenty different kinds of weaving looms, that are moved by steam, water, wind, or animals. Their spinning machines are now so improved, by art, that spinning is with them at a much lower price than with us. It is to the Americans that we are really indebted for the invention of steam boats, which are not less important for maintaining civil and religious liberty, than gunpowder, printing, or the compass.

The United States are also greatly distinguished above other countries, for the construction and equipment of ships of commerce and of war. Their merchant vessels, which have crews so few in number, spare the one-third of the time which the vessels of other nations employ in going the same passage: and it is only those of the British navy that can cope with them for speed. In the art of constructing a plough, a ship, or a house, the Americans can contend with the people of any other

nation, without exception. In no part of the world has there been greater progress made in the rational use of the four elements, and their produce than in the United States; for their inhabitants are better fed, and more comfortably clothed, than those of most other countries. They have but one middling city for a capital, and all their towns together scarcely contain a million of inhabitants; yet their bridges, highways, canals, aqueducts, and facility of communication, excell those of many other countries. In two years time they will have terminated their great canals by an inland navigation of 10,000 miles from the valleys of the west to the waters of the Hudson and the Chesapeake. There is not at present in Europe any undertaking which surpasses that of the canal of New York, and the hydraulical works of Philadelphia.

The instruction of the children of the poor is even attended to with great care, and almost all children frequent the public schools, in which there are at present more than 300,000 students. They reckon 1200 who are educated for physicians, and about 1000 that are given to the study of the law, and there are more than a hundred seminaries, or literary institutions, which are for the most part ecclesiastical. Instruction is in no

part a monopoly or a political instrument; and they know not a congregation which shows a tendency to possess either. There are universities where they confine their studies, as in the colleges of Europe, to Greek, Latin, Logic, and Rhetoric; but in all other parts instruction is directed on a plan better calculated to fortify the mind, and procure useful knowledge. Physics, the mathematics, natural science, and the living languages, are there the objects of a just preference. They teach neither Latin nor Greek in military schools. In those countries where they endeavour to suppress a wise liberty, the seeds of revolution ferment, and sedition and revolt find way into their schools and academies. Nothing of the kind has existed in North America, for the revolution was accomplished there without tumult and massacre. Here even cultivators comprehend the philosophy of politics, better than many monarchs. Poetry, music, and painting, may languish even in Italy, but philosophy and the arts and sciences shall reign in the United States: it is from them that the rulers of the old world can learn what a population is worth who have received, at the public expence, and among ranks of all orders, an instruction always directed towards what is useful.

THE HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN'S LAMENT.

I LEFT my blithe and cozie hame,
My wife and bairnies a':
And I took the sword my father wore,
And sped with haste awa'.

I left my ain—my native hills—
When the heather was in bloom;
And now return to find a' clad
In darkness and in gloom.

I left the happy, freshen'd scene
When summer's breath was there;
But now I turn my steps, and find
The winter bleak and bare.

But still the winter is to me
An emblem of my fate;
A scathed trunk—a wither'd tree—
A scene laid desolate.

My wife was in the bloom of years,
My bairnies blithe and fair,
But soon the bitter, saut, saw tear,
Foretauld a heart of care.

My wife is in her silent grave,
My bairnies by her side,
Houseless and cauld, they couldna' thole*
The winter's stormy tide.

* The excesses to which the Duke of Cumberland's army proceeded, after the decisive battle of Culloden, in order to crush the enterprising spirit of the unfortunate

The cottage on the lone hill-side,
The burnie wimpling by—
Where are they now? bleak wa's are there,
A channel waste and dry.

I left them a'—I tint the best,
For Charlie's kingly right;
And oh! that on sae fair a cause,
Should set sae dark a night,

But still I dinna' mourn the cause
That made me lea' them a';
For Charlie's gude; for Charlie's sake,
I still could blythly fa'.

But now the lift is dim and dark,
That lately shone sae clear,
And I ha'e come to lay my banes,
By wife and bairnies dear.

LOW LIFE.

[SEE PAGE 294.]

THIS world is so checquered, and in its nature so liable to change and variety, that the lowest of mankind may with justice indulge probable hopes of exaltation, and the highest dread a reverse. A king and the sweeper of a crossing are the two ultimate points of human society. The latter has every thing to hope, and the former every thing to fear. One of those accidental circumstances, which make way for the introduction of one person by the abduction of another, at last furnished the poor and solitary Scotch lad with the first opportunity of advancing in life. The porter of an ironmonger, whose shop was situated at a short distance from the station of Sandy, had been sent out with a large and weighty burden. In hurrying across the street, his foot slipped, and being unable to recover himself on account of the great weight which he carried on his shoulders, he fell forward and was run over by a carriage which was rapidly passing. A crowd instantly collected, and among them was Sandy, who knowing the man and the house whence he came, raised him on his left shoulder, and, lifting up the package in his right hand, hastily conveyed him, followed by the multitude, to the ironmonger's shop. Before he arrived there life was extinct, and the emancipated spirit of the porter was rapidly travelling towards those pure

and ethereal regions, where the distinctions of tyrant and slave no longer exist; where the poor and the unfortunate find recompense for the calamities and oppressions of this life, in the full and perfect enjoyment of that happiness which has been promised to them in the next.

The entrance of Sandy into the shop, with a dead man on one shoulder and a weighty package on the other, attracted the attention of the ironmonger. To behold his porter dead was grievous: to see his package safe was pleasing. A short vibration between grief and pleasure agitated for a moment the heart of the ironmonger, and his feelings then almost instantly returned to that equipoise of sensation which constitutes composure. He surveyed Sandy with attention. The athletic and powerful structure of his body, which could resist the pressure of the dead porter and of the weighty package which had overwhelmed him, was an object extremely interesting to his eyes. He was conscious that by engaging him he should save the expense of a horse; but he was not conscious, when he addressed him in the following words, that he was concealing interested feelings under the garb of pity and benevolence. "I am so pleased with your conduct upon this occasion, my worthy lad," said he, "that I will take you into

Highlanders, who had joined the standard of Prince Charles, were at once brutal and infamous. The soldiers spread havoc and desolation through a great portion of the Highlands; burned down the cottages, and turned out the inhabitants amid the severities of winter, leaving them to perish without shelter or subsistence.—See *Cherrie's Memoirs of the Rebellion in 1745*.

my service in place of the poor man who is dead." Sandy, when he heard these words, stared with astonishment in the face of the ironmonger. He could scarcely trust his ears until he was told to call the next morning and begin his occupation, when he became conscious of the truth of the engagement, and, making a humble bow, retired from the shop.

Nine hundred porters might have died without producing any benefit to Sandy; even the identical porter whom he succeeded might have died without producing any advantage to him. It was the circumstance of being seen by Mr Hardware, the ironmonger, in the act of conveying a dead man and a weighty package into his shop which led to his engagement and future success in life. On such accidental occurrences does the good fortune of mankind depend.

No sooner was the death of the porter and the success of Sandy known at the King's Head, a public-house in the immediate neighbourhood, where Sandy at the close of the day sometimes regaled himself with a slice of bread, an onion, and a pint of porter, than an unusual degree of bustle and conversation occurred. The death of the porter had made a gap in human society which promised a variety of removes among the lower orders of the neighbourhood. The sudden departure of the Marquis of Londonderry and the success of Mr Canning, were not more important matters of discussion, in the sphere of society where they moved, than was the death of the porter and the good fortune of Sandy. Many persons little acquainted with human nature, asserted that there never was so good a porter as the defunct, and that Sandy was by no means equal to him in powers; while the advocates of Sandy asserted that he could carry double the quantity of the deceased porter. Such, we remember, was the kind of conversation we heard at the death of Lord Londonderry. These observations are ridiculous: as well might

a man in passing through a field of turnips pluck one, and, holding it up, assert that nature never could produce such another. What nature has once produced she can produce again: and as long as the world exists, we shall never be deficient in large turnips, able ministers, and strong porters.

My reader may not be aware, that he who sweeps a crossing considers that crossing as his own possession, which he can alienate or retain without molestation. Sandy's long and undisputed holding of the one which he had swept, had given him the justest title to its possession: and as soon as his advancement to the situation of porter was made known at the King's Head, various competitors anxiously awaited his arrival. The station was to be put up at auction, and the perquisites derived from the passengers to be made over to the best bidder. There were three competitors. The first was a decayed and unfortunate author, against whom an ex-officio information had been filed by government for writing the truth. By this process he was ruined, imprisoned, and consigned over to poverty and care. The next was a half-pay officer, who, after a youth of warfare and glorious exertion in favour of his country, was reduced in his old age to subsist on the voluntary contribution of a people whom he had defended by his sword. The last was a patriot, who had spent a noble fortune and exhausted a deep and virtuous mind in attempting to cleanse the nation of its corruptions; but wanting success in his endeavours, and being, from untoward circumstances, reduced to distress, was compelled to undertake the easier labour of cleansing the streets. As soon as Sandy arrived at the public-house, the right of sweeping the crossing was put up at auction. He stated the average of his profits to be half a crown each day, from the commencement of November to the end of February, and eighteen pence from February to May. It was to be sold on the condition of so many days'

purchase. Each competitor bid according to his finances ; and the patriot having more interest among the tailors, tinkers, hair dressers, &c. who frequented the King's Head, was able, through small contributions of his friends, to outbid his adversaries, and he was immediately declared the purchaser of the crossing at four days and a half purchase. On the payment of the money he was instantly invested with the insignia of his office, consisting of an old broom covered with mud, and an oil skin hat of a conical form, fit to bear the weight and pressure of large penny pieces within, and the pelting of violent rain without. As soon as the patriot received the broom, holding it up high in the air, and turning hisuddy countenance (which, notwithstanding his misfortunes, was still flushed with erysipelatous pimples, the result of ardent and frequent toasts to the cause of liberty,) towards a notorious house of ill fame in the precincts of ———, he exclaimed, "Would that I could cleanse away thy foulness, and sweep from thy defiled and spotted body those impurities which disgrace thee. Thou cloaca maxima of the empire, in whose foul and filthy sewer are concentrated all the corrupt and evil matter which a vicious and diseased state of society can emit, what instrument can cleanse thee ! What mighty broom, were it even formed of ten thousand elms, and moved by the vast arm of a steam engine, could sweep out the deep and dangerous offal which ferments in thy abyss ?" As soon as the patriot had uttered these words, he hurried out of the room, followed by a cavalcade of shirtless, careworn, waistcoat-wanting, patch-coated, shoeless, breechesless, moneyless vagabonds, such as usually accompany a patriot, and having taken possession of his new office, began to scrub and rub for the benefit of mankind.

Sandy immediately took leave of his public-house companions, whom he resolved in future to avoid as much as possible ; for although still a

simple youth, he was not unacquainted with that useful and politic principle which bids a man forget his old and humble friends as soon as good fortune elevates him above them.— Thinking that he foresaw his way to independence, he began to square his conduct according to his interest. He became ambitious in design ; careful and prudent in behaviour ; loyal in language, and pious in his demeanour. He counted his gains on a Saturday night, and prayed to God on a Sunday to increase them. He starved his body that his pocket might be full ; and looked about him for a miserable, awkward, disappointed, decrepid maiden, whom neglect should have rendered desperate, and the constant irritation arising from the consciousness of hopeless virginity, should have prepared to consign herself and portion to the first decent offer. Like a wise youth, he sought not in a bride those regular features, that delicacy of complexion, and that elegance of figure which tempt the heart to neglect the admonitions of reason, and induce the thoughtless and sensitive among mankind to forego the substantial advantages of life for the pleasures of affection. Skin and bone of the coarsest and roughest nature, angular asperities, acid expression of countenance, dingy complexions, and distorted spines, were by no means offensive to his eye. He seemed to be little susceptible to the impressions of beauty, but to be wonderfully struck, like a nobleman whose sanity has been lately called in question, with the attraction of a large and full pocket. He knew that in London there were great numbers of disappointed maidens and declining widows, who possessed small fortunes of two or three hundred pounds, which had been left them by mistresses for long and painful servitude, or by husbands who had drank themselves to death, in consequence of conjugal irritation, and given the little property they possessed to their wives, as a peace offering on their death-beds. He failed not to observe,

that women of this description were numerous and constant in attendance at meetings where the mysterious raptures of a false and enthusiastic superstition are inculcated to the minds of the infirm and ignorant.—He observed, that, in such characters, religion is, for the most part, the child of disappointment; that the tears they shed, the sighs they breathe, the raptures they feel, are only the ardent aspirations of minds, which, in default of attachment in this world, naturally direct their attention to a state where the neglect and slights which they meet with here would be unknown. People who are healthful and happy; on whom fortune has showered titles and riches, can scarcely ever be religious, on account of those numerous pleasures which draw away the mind from the contemplation of eternal life, and the practice of those severer virtues which purchase eternal happiness. And it was probably the observation of the incompatibility of religion and riches which induced the author of Christianity to exclude the rich from heaven by that tremendous anathema which has exercised the sophistry of hypocrites to pervert and evade: an anathema enforced, rendered more awful, and, in its consequences, more certain, by the illustration of a simile which implies an impossibility. Sandy, we say, had observed that the conventicles were much frequented by women of the above description, and he knew enough of human nature to be convinced, that it would be no difficult matter for a young healthful lad, of twenty-two years of age, to withdraw the attention of one of these women from heaven and fix it on himself. Little alteration of manner and habits was necessary to fit him out as the spiritual admirer of a tender and pious widow. The natural gravity of his disposition, which was seldom interrupted by any bursts of gaiety, easily assumed the garb of meekness and devotion. The sobriety and severity of his early days had given a seriousness and hardness to his features, a sallowness

to his complexion, and a stiffness to his person, which well coincided with those characteristics which are expected in one who devotes his mind to spiritual affairs.

He had not been long an attendant at a conventicle, ere his attention was attracted by the hideous appearance and reputed wealth of one of the congregation. He contrived to sit near her, assisted her to kneel and rise, reached her prayer book or bible, and turned to and pointed out the psalms and chapters of the day. This conduct led to acquaintance, acquaintance to confidence, confidence to love, or what is commonly called love, and love to marriage. Thus the poor Scotchman, after a series of hardships and disasters, became possessed of a wife, and a fortune of sufficient magnitude to set him up in business. They had fifteen hundred pounds in the three per cents. which being sold out, enabled Sandy to leave Mr Hardware and commence trade as an ironmonger. Never were two persons better fitted for business and each other, than Sandy and Sandy's wife. They loved each other well, but money better than each other. Whatever disagreements happened between them, originated in their rivalry in parsimony. The first quarrel which occurred after their marriage arose from a suspicion that Mrs Stuart entertained that her husband had thrown into the fire the end of a farthing candle, and Sandy soon after forgot himself so far as to call his wife an extravagant hussey, because she neglected to drive a hard bargain with a matchwoman, and thoughtlessly gave her her own price for a bundle of matches. In five years after they commenced business they arrived at considerable wealth, and at the end of ten years Sandy was able to establish one of the first banking houses in London. Success and wealth altered not their habits. It was Mrs Sandy Stuart who sold the Westphalia hams to the oilman from whom they had been bought to be sent as a present to her. It was Mrs Sandy Stuart

who divided the snipe and made it serve for two dinners. It was Mrs Sandy Stuart who after purchasing a turbot for a party she intended to give, cruelly deprived them of it, because a neighbor was prodigal enough to offer her a hundred per cent. upon the original purchase.

These prudent and discreet persons, Mr and Mrs Stuart, had one daughter, whose immense wealth tempted the cupidity of the prodigal and profligate Lord Baltimore, and

induced him to offer her his hand. The Countess of Baltimore was left a widow soon after her marriage, having one daughter, the richest heiress of the kingdom, who married the Marquis of Clairfait, and in a few short seasons of extravagant folly, wasted all that had been saved by the parsimony of the Stuarts and her own long minority; thus proving that poverty is oftentimes the parent of wealth, and wealth the parent of poverty.

AMERICAN WRITERS.

[SEE PAGE 299.]

4. NAVAL BIOGRAPHY. Irving had now grown so popular, in America, that he was consulted with, or pestered about, almost every undertaking of the day, in matters of literature.

The war with us had become serious. The navy had grown popular, with every body. The pride of the people was up; their passions; they were almost ready to launch their houses upon the water.—When Hull took the *Guiriere*; and broke, as they say, there, the charm of our invincibility (they never say *how*, by the way; or with what *force*)—the whole country broke out, into acclamation. They loaded him down with honour. They lavished upon him, within a few weeks, more testimonials of public favour—than have ever been bestowed upon all the public men of America—from the time of Washington, up to this hour.—The consequence was natural. The commanders of their little navy adventured every where, with a preternatural ardour; fought nobly, desperately—and were the talk of a whole country. Battle after battle was fought; victory after victory followed—before the tide was turned, by the capture of their Chesapeake.

The *Analectic Magazine* took fire—with an eye to profit; hunted up materials: employed Irving to write

a Biography of these naval captains, one after the other; and gave it out, with portrait after portrait, month after month, to the overheated public.

Some of these papers are bravely done: In general, they are eloquent, simple, clear, and beautiful: Among the *LIVES*, that of poor *PERRY*, the young fresh-water Nelson, who swept Lake Erie of our fleet, in such a gallant, seaman-like style, is quite remarkable—as containing within itself proof, that Irving has the heart of a poet.—We do not say this, lightly—we say it as a fact—we shall prove it.—We had seen him try hard, before, in that paltry, boyish piece of description—the passage through Hell Gate*—which has been so be-praised: we had really dozed over his laboured embellishments—they were affronting to our natural sense of poetry—we had no suspicion of the truth.—It is only a word or two, that we speak of. It is not where he tries, that Irving is poetical: it is only where he is transported, suddenly, by some beautiful thought—carried away, without knowing why—by inward music—his heart beating; his respiration hurried.—He is never the man to call up the anointed, before him, at will; to imagine spectacles; or people the air, earth, and sea—like a wizard—by the waving of his hand.—He has

* Knickerbocker.

only the *heart* of a poet : He has not—he never will have—the *power* of one. It is too late, now. Power comes of perpetual warfare—trial—hardship : He has grown up, in perpetual quiet—sunshine—a sort of genteel repose.—He may continue, therefore, to feel poetry ; to think poetry—to utter poetry, by chance—but he will never be able to *do* poetry, now, as he might have done it, before this, if he had been worthily tempered, year after year, by wind, or fire—rain—or storm. He, who has grown up in the courtly tournament ; He, whose warlike discipline has come only of the tilting-ground—blunted weapons—or silken armour—may have the *heart* of a true knight—may *feel* bravely—may *think* chivalry—but will he be able to *do* chivalry, for more than a little time, together ?

The passage, to which we allude, is *not*, as he might suppose, that, where he goes out of his way, tries, labours to be a poet ; by saying, that—while the dying men lay about, upon deck—their eyes were all turned up to the face of Perry ; no—the passage to which we allude, is unpremeditated—It is not a picture, like *that*, which he, himself, declares to be “above prose—*poetry*”—it is only one thought, happily uttered—said, as none but a poet ever could have said it. He has been talking about Lake Erie—that solitude of waters—where no battle had ever been heard before : over which no warrior ship had ever gone. He speaks of the barbarian—we do not give the words—looking out from the wood—*startled by the “apparition of a sea-fight”* upon the waters of a solitary lake, whereon, till that hour, he had never seen a vessel, perhaps, larger than his own birch canoe.

That, we say, is enough. That very phrase—the *apparition of a sea-fight*, is enough to prove that Irving is, by nature, a great poet.—We shall say more of this, by and by.

5. INTRODUCTION to Mr Campbell's poetry. A well-written article ;

but Irving was never made for a critic.—He is, to a critic, what a cupper and bleeder is to a resolute surgeon.—If he let out any blood—black, or natural—healthy, or pestilential—it is by coaxing it out of timid, small punctures—not by draining arteries, with a fearless cut, into the very region of the heart, perhaps—if the case require it. One thought, only, do we remember. He charges Mr C. with having been frightened, by the Edinburgh people, during the time of gestation—or delivery :—or, to come nearer what he *says*—he charges Mr C. with having been too much afraid of the Edinburgh critics.—He was right.

6. SKETCH-BOOK. Irving had now come to be regarded as a professional author : to think of his pen for a livelihood. His mercantile speculations were disastrous. We are glad of it. It is all the better for him—his country—our literature—us. But for that lucky misfortune, he would never have been half what he now is : But for his present humiliation, he would never be half what he will *now* be, if we rightly understand his character.

Strange—but so it was. The accidental association—the fortuitous conjunction, of two or three young men, for the purpose of amusing the town, with a few pages a-month, in *Salamagundi*, led, straightway, to a total change of all their views in life. Two of them, certainly ; perhaps all three, became professional authors, in a country, where only *one* (poor BROWN) had *ever* appeared before. Two of them have become greatly distinguished, as writers ; the third (Verplanck) somewhat so, by the little that he has written.

Thus it is. A *single* star, worthy of attention, has hardly ever appeared in the skies of literature. So, in learning : so in science—age after age. It is a constellation—a cluster—a galaxy—or darkness. But for a similar conjunction, we do believe that most of the leading writers in our sturdy old English literature, would never have been greatly dis-

tinguished. A man should have a body of iron—a soul of iron—to outlive a long course of solitary trial.—But for strong rivalry—contention—social criticism—jealousy—fear—perpetual effort, no great man would ever have known a tythe of his own power: Nay, but for such a state of intellectual warfare, he would never have *had* a tythe of that power, which he may have put forth, in his full maturity. Hence, the policy of confederating for mutual improvement, every where—among every class of people. The mass of their knowledge becomes a property in common. Trial, exercise, power, self-assurance come of it.—Every year, a man, who is thus urged onward, will do that, which, a year before, he would have thought impossible: *see* that—as the horizon grows larger about him, at every step of his upward course—which, a year before, he had never *heard* of. He may not be so sensible of his progress, after a time, as he was, when he went up, first, from the level of his companions; but his progress will be, nevertheless, real. He, who has had an opportunity of measuring himself, thus, day after day, with men *like* himself, will come in a single twelve-month, to look upon that, of which he was proud, with a feeling of shame, astonishment, or sincere sorrow. Not so, if he hold himself aloof, or be held aloof, by circumstances. He may go into his grave, without advantage to himself, or the world; linger his fourscore years; or die of old age, with a feeling of complacency toward all the labour of his hands. God help such a man! God help him, who does not see, whatever he may have done—however proud he may be of it—however *honest*, or, the world say, however *boastful*, he may be of it—God help him, if he do not see, before the fever of his blood is down, that he might have done it much better.—Let a man be proud of his doing; let him, if he speak at all—speak the truth of his own workmanship—whatever the world may say—but let him never be *satisfied*

with himself or his work—never—never.

The American cities are towns—the largest, *only* towns; the smallest, villages. *Altogether* they do not contain one half so great a population as that of London.—There was no opportunity for Irving, in America: no chance of association. Therefore, he came here.

The SKETCH-BOOK was written for America. It was refused here by two or three booksellers—Mr Murray among the number, we believe: was published, on Irving's account, we also *believe*, by Mr Millar.—It met with unexpected favour: Millar was “unfortunate:” wherefore Mr Murray, whose “enterprize,” where there is no sort of risk—we would never question—made a proposal for the SKETCH-BOOK; following it up, with a “munificent” 1000 guineas for BRACEBRIDGE HALL—and a £1500 for the TALES.—(Irving had learnt how to deal, in the meantime.)—These “enterprising publishers,” by the way, are a pleasant kind of adventurers, to be sure—very desperate—*very*.—They lie by, till a man's reputation is up; till some less “enterprising,” wealthy, or extensive publisher has had all the risk—when, making a bow, perhaps, they step in, with a superb, generous air; overbid all their “less enterprising brethren;” *subscribe off* the book, before they publish it; and pass for liberal, adventurous encouragers of literature.—Let authors treat such people as they deserve: stand by those, who stood by them, in spite of temptation—if they would make themselves or their brethren respectable.—We could point out one of these “patrons”—one of these “enterprising publishers” who has rejected manuscripts probably, without reading them—certainly without behaving like a gentleman to the authors—and yet, when these very authors came to be known; he has gone out of his way, to pay them unworthy compliments: to coax and wheedle them—into a new negotiation. We could name one, who, some years ago,

thought proper to refuse the manuscript of a young author—a man of singular talent—with a sort of compassionate—pitying—supercilious air—infinately provoking, though not enough so to furnish a plausible excuse for knocking him down.—That author has now become one of our authorities—he is a statesman—has great power, and great reputation.—Lately—not long ago—the publisher was lucky enough to meet him, for a few minutes, in a large company.—He went up to him; spoke to him; said a great many delightful things: reminded him of the time, when he was in such, or such an obscure situation, overlooked of all the world; begging him to believe, by the way, that *he* had not overlooked him; that *he* had seen his talents—of which, bowing, the world had *now* such abundant proof—&c. &c. &c.—“Yes”—was the reply—“Yes, Mr.:—so and so—You certainly *did* shew your estimation of my talents—bowing—*once*.”—This very publisher too, refused Hunter’s Narrative. It was published on account of the author. It succeeded. He—the publisher, who had refused it, was cunning enough to give Hunter a hint or two—immediately—concerning his future publications. A curse on such “enterprize!”—

The SKETCH-BOOK—is a timid, beautiful work; with some childish pathos in it; some rich, pure, bold poetry: a little squeamish, puling, lady-like sentimentality: some courageous writing—some wit—and a world of humour, so happy, so natural—so altogether unlike that of any other man—dead or alive, that we would rather have been the writer of it, fifty times over, than of everything else, that he has ever written.

The touches of poetry are every where; but never where one would look for them. Irving has no passion: he fails utterly, in true pathos—cannot speak, as if he were carried away, by any thing. He is always thoughtful; and, save when he tries to be fine, or sentimental, always at home, always natural.—The “*dusty*

splendour” of Westminster Abbey—the “ship *staggering*” over the precipices of the ocean—the shark “*darting, like a spectre, through the blue waters.*”—All these things are poetry—such poetry as never was—never will be surpassed.—We could mention fifty more passages—epithets—words of power, which no mere *prose* writer would have dared, under any circumstances, to use. They are like the “invincible locks” of Milton—revealing the God, in spite of every disguise.—They remind us of Leigh Hunt, who, to do him justice—notwithstanding all his “tricksey” prettinesses, does talk more genuine poetry, in his *epithets*, than any other man, that ever lived. We know well what we say—we except nobody.—We hate his affectation; despise—pity his daintiness, trick and foppery, but cannot refuse to say, that in his delicate, fine, exquisite adaptation of descriptive words, to the things described, in his poetry he has no equal.—The “*loosened silver*” of the fountain; the “*golden ferment*” of the sunshine, upon the wet grass; the large rain-drops, that fall upon the dry leaves, like “twangling pearl”—all these, with a thousand others, are in proof.

The epithets of Hunt are pictures—portraits—likenesses: those of Geoffrey, shadows. Those of the former frequently take off your attention from the principal object: outshine, overtop, that, of which they should be only the auxiliaries: Those of the latter never do this—they only help the chief thought. The associations of Hunt startle us, like Moore’s “unexpected light;” in the cool grass—the trodden velvet of his poetry: those of Irving never startle us; never thrill us; never “go, a-rippling to our finger-ends;” but are always agreeable—affecting us, like the sweet quiet lustre of the stars, or moon. When we come upon the epithets of Hunt, we feel as if we had caught something—a butterfly, or a bug, perhaps, while running with our mouth open; or detected some hidden relationship of things: But

when we come upon the epithets of Geoffrey, we feel as if we had found, accidentally, after we had given up all hope—some part or parcel, which had always been missing (as every body could see, though nobody knew where to look for it), of the very thoughts or words, with which he has now coupled it for ever.—Let us give an illustration.

Who has not felt, as he stood in the solemn, strange light of a great wilderness; of some old, awful ruin a world of shafts and arches about him, like a druidical wood—illuminated by the sunset—a visible bright atmosphere, coming through coloured glass—who has not felt, as if he would give his right hand for a few simple words—the fewer the better—to describe the appearance of the air about him?—Would he call it *splendour*?—It isn't splendour: *dusty*?—It would be ridiculous.—But what if he say, like Irving, "*dusty splendour*?"—Will he not have said *all* that can be said?—Who ever saw those two words associated before? who would ever wish to see them separated again?

The bravest article that Irving ever wrote, is that about our ENGLISH WRITERS ON AMERICA. There is more manhood: more sincerity: more straight-forward, generous plain-dealing in that one paper, than, perhaps, in all his other works.—He felt what he said; every word of it: had nothing to lose; and, of course, wrote intrepidly.—Did we like him the worse for it? No, indeed. It was that very paper, which made him respectable, in this country.

RIP VAN WINKLE is well done; but we have no patience with such a man, as Washington Irving.—We cannot keep our temper, when we catch him pilfering the materials of other men; working up old stories. We had as lief see him before the public, for some Bow-street offence.

The WIFE is ridiculous, with some beautiful description; but Irving, as we said before, has no idea of true passion—suffering—or deep, desolating fervour.

THE MUTABILITY OF LITERATURE—the art of BOOK MAKING, &c.—are only parts of the same essay; it has no superior in our language.

THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM, is only worth mentioning, because, we attribute our TRAVELLER'S TALES, entirely to the success which that paper, and the STOUT GENTLEMAN, met with.

VOL. II.—Irving, though he is continually at work, never gives one a good solid notion of the English character. All his pictures want breadth—a sort of bold, bluff humour—without which a man of this country is like the man of every other country. The Stage-Coachman, for example—what is it, as a whole?—parts are fine—touches are fine—but, as a whole, it is any thing but one of our good-natured, lubberly, powerful coachmen: one of those fellows, who fight without losing their temper: who love their horses more heartily than their wives: touch their own hats, or knock off those of other people, with precisely the same good-humoured air: say—"Coach, your honour?"—And—"Go to the devil!" in the same drowsy, hoarse, peculiar voice.

One of the best papers that Irving ever wrote—if not, in reality, the very best, is JOHN BULL. Yet is it, nevertheless—a coloured shadow only—an imaginary portrait; not *our* John Bull—not *he*—the real, downright John Bull, whom we see every day in the street.

TRAITS OF INDIAN CHARACTER.—Very good—very—so far as they go: Historically true: Irving has done himself immortal honour by twice taking the field in favour of the North American savages. He has made it fashionable.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.—This brings to our mind a piece of poetry—four lines—by Irving, which he left as an impromptu, on his *last* visit, a few months ago, we believe, to Shakspeare's room. They are very good; and being, we have a notion, the only poetry of his, actually counted off, to be found, are worth preserving.

"Of mighty Shakespeares's birth, the room
we see ;

That, where he died, in vain to find we
try ;

Useless the search—for all immortal he—
And those, who are immortal, never
die."

We know not if these *be* his ; but we have good reason to believe them so. At any rate—we shall pass them to his credit, for the present, adding two lines by a countrymen of his, (Neal) which really were impromptu—the only impromptu, that he ever wrote in his life.—They were written after he had forsworn poetry—(on going into the room, where Shakspeare was born)—because, if we are to believe him, "he couldn't help himself."

"The ground is holy, here!—the very
air!—

Ye breathe what Shakspeare breath'd—
rash men, forbear!"

7. BRACEBRIDGE-HALL. STOUT GENTLEMAN—very good : and a pretty fair account of a real occurrence ; * STUDENT OF SALAMANCA : beneath contempt : Irving has no idea of genuine romance ; or love—or any thing else, we believe, that ever seriously troubles the blood of men :—ROOKERY—struck off in a few hours ; contrary to what has been said : Irving does not labour as people suppose—he is too indolent—given, too much, we know, to reverie : DOLPH HEYLIGER ; THE HAUNTED HOUSE ; STORM SHIP—all in the fashion of his early time : perhaps—we are greatly inclined so to believe—perhaps the remains of what was meant for Salamagundi, or Knickerbocker :—the rest of the two volumes quite unworthy of Irving's reputation.

8. TALES OF A TRAVELLER. We hardly know how to speak of this sad affair—when we think of what Irving might have done—without losing our temper. It is bad enough—base enough to steal that, which would make us wealthy for ever : but—like the plundering Arab—to steal

rubbish—any thing—from any body—every body—would indicate a hopeless moral temperament : a standard of self-estimation beneath every thing.—No wonder that people have begun to question his originality—when they find him recoinning the paltry material of newspapers—letters—romances.—In the early part of these two volumes we should never see any merit, knowing as we do, the sources of what he is there serving up, however admirable were his new arrangement of the dishes ; however great his improvement.

A part of the book—a few scenes—a few pages—are quite equal to any thing, that he ever wrote. But we cannot agree with any body, concerning those parts. Irving is greatly to blame—quite unpardonable, for two or three droll indecencies, which every body, of course, remembers, in these TALES :—not so much because they are so unpardonable, in themselves—not so much on that account—as because the critics had set him up, in spite of Knickerbocker ; in spite of Salamagundi ; in spite of the Stout Gentleman—as an immaculate creature for this profligate age.—He knew this. He knew that any book, with his name to it, would be permitted by fathers, husbands, brothers, to pass without examination : that it would be read aloud, in family circles, all over our country.—We shall not readily pardon him, therefore, much as we love him, for having written several passages, which are so equivocal, that no woman could bear to read any one of them aloud—or, to remember that she had—by reason of her great confidence in the author, been upon the point of reading one aloud.—Irving has a good, pure heart. How could he bear to see a woman faltering over a passage of his—at her own fire-side—while she was reading to her husband ; her children—daughters, perhaps—or to the newly married ? We hate squeam-

* But, oddly enough, there seems to be *another* original account of the same occurrence. Look into the HERMIT IN LONDON. We have a mysterious character, and a rainy day, *there*, too.

ishness. Great mischief comes of it. We love humour, though it be *not* altogether so chaste. But we cannot applaud any body's courage or morals—who under a look of great modesty—with an over-righteous reputation—ventures to smuggle impurity into our dwellings—to cheat our very household gods.

The latter part of these TALES, we firmly believe, were old papers lying by. New cloth has been wrought into old garments—New wine, put into old bottles. 'The money-diggers' have a good foundation. It is literally true, that people are now digging—have been, for years—upon desolate islands, in America, for money, which the traditions of the country declare to have been buried, with formalities, which are terrible enough, to be sure. Irving is *not* indebted, as people suppose, therefore, to a German story-book, for this part of his late work.—The pirate—who goes off in a boat—which one may see rocking, under the land—is decidedly the finest *bit* of Geoffrey, that we know of.—But he is only one of several characters wrought in-

to old, moth-eaten tapestry, the weaving of his youth—which was not worth patching up.

One word of advice to him, before we part—in all probability, *for ever*.—No man gets credit by repeating the story of another: It is like dramatizing a poet. If you succeed, *he* gets all the praise: if you fail, *you* get all the disgrace.—You—Geoffrey Crayon—have great power—original power.—We rejoice in your failure, now, because we believe that it will drive you into a style of original composition, far more worthy of yourself.—Go to work. Lose no time. Your foundations will be the stronger for this uproar. You cannot write a novel; a poem; a love tale; or a tragedy. But you *can* write another SKETCH-BOOK—worth all that you have ever written: if you will draw only from yourself. You have some qualities, that no other living writer has—a bold, quiet humour—a rich beautiful mode of painting, without caricature—a delightful, free, happy spirit: make use of them.—We look to see you all the better for this trouncing. God bless you! Farewell.

FARTHER PORTIONS OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MANSIE WAUCH, TAILOR.

——Of moving accidents by flood and field,
And hair-breadth 'scapes i' the eminent deadly breach.

Othello.

PORTION FIRST.

I HAVE no distinct recollection of the thing myself, yet there is every reason to believe that I was born on the 15th of October, 1765, in that little house, standing by itself, not many yards from the eastmost side of the Flesh-Market-Gate, Dalkeith. My eyes opened on the light about two o'clock in a dark and rainy morning. Long was it spoken about that something great and mysterious would happen on that dreary night; as the cat, after washing her face, gaed mewing about, with her tail sweeing behind her like a ramrod; and a corbie, from the Duke's woods, tumbled down Jamie Elder's lum,

when he had set the little still a-going, gieing, them a terrible fright, as they first took it for the deevil, and then for an exciseman, and fell with a great cloud of soot, and a loud skraigh, into the empty kail-pot.

The first thing that I have any clear memory of, was my being carried out on my auntie's shoulder, with a leather cap tied under my chin, to see the Fair Race. Oh! but it was a grand sight.—I have read since then the story of Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp, but this beats it all to sticks. There was a long row of tables, covered with carpets of bonny patterns, heaped from one end to the other

with shoes of every kind and size; some with soles, and some glittering with sparribles and cuddy-heels; and little red worsted boots for bairns, with blue and white edgings, hinging like strings of flowers up the posts at each end. And then what a collection of luggies! the whole meal in market-sacks on a Thursday did not seem able to fill them. And horn-spoons, green and black freckled, with shanks clear as amber,—and timber caups,—and eevory egg-cups of every pattern. Have a care of us! all the eggs in Smeaton dairy might have found resting-places for their douns, in a row. As for the gingerbread, I shall not attempt a description. Sixpenny and shilling cakes, in a paper, tied with a skinie, and roundabouts, and snaps, brown and white quality, and parliaments, on stands covered with calendered linen, clean from the fauld. To pass it was just impossible; it set my teeth a-watering, and I skirled like mad, until I had a gilded lady thrust into my little nieve; the which, after admiring for a minute, I applied my teeth to, and of the head I made no bones; so that in less than no time, she had vanished petticoats and all, no trace of her being to the fore, save and except long treacly daubs, extending east and west from ear to ear, and north and south, from cape neb of the nose to the extremity of beardyland.

But what, of all things attracted my attention on that memorable day, was the show of cows, sheep, and horses, mooing, baaing, and neighing, and the race—that was best. Od, what a sight!—we were jammed in the crowd of auld wives, with their toys and shining ribsons; and carter lads, with their blue bonnets; and young wenches, carrying hame their fairings in napkins, as muckle as wad haud their teeth going for a month: there scarcely could be muckle for love, when there was so much for the stomach; and men, with wooden legs, and brass virls at the end of them, playing on the fiddle,—and a bear that roared and danced on its hind

legs, with a muzzled mouth,—and Punch and Polly,—and poppy-shows, and mair than I can tell, when up came the horses to the starting post. I shall never forget their bonny dresses of the riders. Ane had a napkin tied round his head, with the flaps fleeing behint him; and his coat-tails were curled up into a big bump behind; it was so tight buttoned, ye wadna thought he could have breathed. His corduroy trowsers (sic like as I have often since made to growing callants) were tied round his ankles with a string; and he had a rusty spur on one shoe, which I saw a man tak aff to lend him. Save us! how he pulled the beast's head by the bridle, and flappit up and down on the saddle when he tried a canter! —The second ane had on a black velvet hunting-cap, and his coat striped. I wender he was na feared of cauld; his shirt being like a riddle, and his nether nankeens but thin for such weather, but he was a brave lad; and sorry were the folks for him, when he fell aff in taking ower sharp a turn, by which auld Pullen the bell-ringer, wha was hauilding the post, was made to coup the creels, and got a bluidy nose.—And but the last was a wearyful ane! He was all life, and as gleg as an eel. Up and down he went, and up and down gaed the beast on its hind legs and its fore-legs, funking like mad; yet though he was na about thirteen, or fourteen at maist, he did not cry out for help more than five or six times; but grippit at the mane with ae hand, and at the back of the saddle with the other, till daft Robie, the hostler at the stables, claught hold of the beast by the head, and off they set. The young birkie had neither hat nor shoon, but he did na spare the stick; round and round they flew like daft. Ye wad have thought their een wad have loupn out; and loudly all the crowd were hurraing when young hatless came up foremost, standing in the stirrups, the lang stick between his teeth, and his white hair fleeing behint him in the wind like streamers in a frosty night.

PORTION SECOND.

The long and the short is that I was sent to school, where I learned to read and spell, making great progress in the Single's and Mother's Carritch. Na, what is mair, few could fickle me in the Bible, being mostly able to spell it all ower, save the second of Ezra and the seventh of Nehemiah, which the dominie himself could never read through twice in the same way.

My father, to whom I was born, like Isaac to Abraham, in his old age, was an elder in the relief Kirk, respected by all for his canny and douce behaviour, and a weaver to his trade. The cot and the kail-yard was his ain, and had been auld grandfather's, wha was out in the forty-five; but still he had to ply the shuttle from Monday to Saturday, to keep all right and tight. The thrums were a perquisite of my ain, which I niffered with the gundie-wife for Gibraltar rock, cut-throat, gib, or bulls-eyes.

Having come into the world before my time, and being of a pale-face and delicate make, Nature never could have intended me for the naval or military line, or for any robustious trade or profession whatsoever. No, no, I never likit fighting in my life; peace was aye in my thoughts. When there was any riot in the streets, I fled, and scougged myself at the chumley lug as quickly as I dowed; and, rather than double a nieve to a school-fellow, I pocketed many shabby epithets, got my paiks, and took the coucher's blow from laddies that could hardly reach up to my waist-band.

Just before I was putten to my 'prenticeship, having made free choice of the tailoring trade, I had a terrible stound of calf-love. Never shall I forget it. I was growing up, lang and lank as a willow-wand; brawns to my legs there were nane, as my trowsers of other years too visibly effected to show. The lang yellow hair hung down, like a flax-wig, the length of my lantern jaws,

which looked, notwithstanding my yapness and stiff appetite, as if eating and they had broken up acquaintanceship. My blue jacket seemed in the sleeves to have picked a quarrel with the wrists, and had retreated to a tait below the elbows. The haunch-buttons, on the contrary, appeared to have taken a strong liking to the shoulders, a little below which they showed their tarnished brightness. At the middle of the back the tails terminated; leaving the well-worn rear of my corduroys, like a full moon, seen through a dark haze. Oh! but I must have been a bonny lad.

My first flame was the minister's lassie, Jess—a buxom and forward quean, twa or three years older than myself. I used to sit looking at her in the kirk, and felt a droll confusion when our een met. It dirled through my heart like a dart, and I looked down at my psalm-book sheepish and blushing. Fain would I have spoken to her, but it would na do; my courage aye failed me at the pinch, though she whiles gied me a smile when she passed me. She used to go to the well every night with her twa stoups, to draw water after the manner of the Israelites, at gloaming, so I thought of watching to gie her the twa apples, which I had carried in my pouch for more than a week, for that purpose. How she laughed when I stappit them into her hand, and brushed bye without speaking! I stood at the bottom of the close listening, and heard her laughing till she was like to split. My heart flann-flappit in my breast like a pair of fanners. It was a moment of heavenly hope; but I saw Jamie Coom the blacksmith, who I aye jealoused was my rival coming down to the well. I saw her gie him ane of the apples, and hearing him say "Where is the tailor?" with a loud gaffaw, I took to my heels, and never stoppit till I found myself on the little stool by the fire side, and the hamely sound of my mother's wheel bum-bumming in my lug, like a gentle lullaby.

Every noise I heard flustered me, but I calmed in time, though I gaed to my bed without my supper. When I was driving out the gaislings to the grass on the next morn, whae was it my ill fate to meet but the blacksmith. "Ou, Mansie," said Jamie Coom, "are ye gaen to take me for your best man? I hear ye are to be cried in the kirk on Sunday?"

"Me!" answered I, shaking and staring.

"Yes!" said he, "Jess the minister's maid told me last night that you had been gi'ing up your name at the manse. Ay it's ower true—for she showed me the apples ye gied her in a present. This is a bonny story, Mansie, my man, and you only at your 'prenticeship yet."

Terror and despair had struck me dumb. I stood as still and as stiff as a web of buckram. My tongue was tied, and I couldna contradict him. Jamie faulded his arms, and gaed

away whistling, turning every now and then his sooty face over his shoulder, and mostly sticking in his tune, as he couldna keep his mouth screwed for laughing. What would I not have given to have laughed too.

There was no time to be lost, this was the Saturday. The next rising sun would shine on the Sabbath. Ay, what a case I was in! I could maistly hae drowned myself, had I no been frightened. What could I do? my love had vanished like lightning; but oh, I was in a terrible gliff! Instead of gundie, I sold my thrums to Mrs Walnut for a penny, with which I bought at the counter a sheet of paper and a pen, so that in the afternoon I wrote out a letter to the minister, telling him what I had been given to hear, and begging him, for the sake of mercy, not to believe Jess's word, as I wasna able to keep a wife, and as she was a leeing gipsy.

(To be continued.)

TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY.

WHEN Love away had flash'd, and fled
To leave life clouded, cold, and cheerless.
And Fancy not a halo shed
Around one form to make it peerless;
When quench'd Youth's glowing lamp of mirth,
By cares oppress'd, by ease forsaken,
I deem'd no power again on earth
The smother'd flame could more awaken.

Untouch'd my heart hath lain through years,
A weary weight, a dreary number,
Till now thy heavenly face appears
Like sunshine calling it from slumber;
Thy voice is music from the skies
To melt the hearts of men, and win them,
Young Peri, and thy glancing eyes
Have Heaven's own radiant light within them.

Oh! could once more kind Time restore
To me the glow of boyhood's brightness,
And, clambering all their shadows o'er,
My thoughts regain their vanish'd lightness;
Oh! could I be as I have been,
My heart would melt to thee in duty,
And Hope illume life's future scene
With the bright sunbow of thy beauty.

It cannot be—too late—too late
 For me thy opening glory shineth ;
 Past hath the noontide of my fate ;
 Down western skies my sun declineth ;
 And, when the twilight hues of Time
 Around me lower in Age's sadness,
 Thou, in thy cloudless summer prime,
 Wilt tread the sunny earth in gladness.

Most lovely star-gem ! may no cloud
 Of sorrows ever gloom before thee ;
 And mayst thou walk amid Earth's crowd,
 With Purity's white mantle o'er thee ;
 From spot, from blemish ever free,
 May Virtue's guardian arm protect thee,
 And Vice itself, admiring thee,
 Blush for her frailties, and respect thee.

Before thee may its opening flowers
 Spring proffer in unbounded measure,
 Bright be thy lot, may all Life's hours
 Be calm'd to peace, or charm'd to pleasure.
 Late be the day that calls thee hence,
 Brilliant thine years as eastern story,
 And may thy pure soul's recompence,
 Be change of earth for endless glory !

MY FIRST QUADRILLE.

MR EDITOR :—

I MUST apologize for trespassing on your attention, which I am induced to do in the hope that my epistle, through your medium, may appear before the eyes of those into whose hands the sovereignty of fashion is confided, and incline the beautiful despots of Almack's mercifully to issue an edict to the following effect :—

“Whereas, it hath been represented to us, that many of our liege subjects and devoted admirers, of and above the age of thirty, do find grievous inconvenience in acquiring and practising the art of quadrilling ; we therefore, taking the complaint into our most gracious consideration, do most compassionately promulgate this our order—that, for the future, no gentleman of, and above the age aforesaid, shall be required to dance quadrilles ; and we do furthermore license the performance of country-

dances for the especial use of the individuals in question.

“ Given at our Court, holden in King Street, St James's, in the month of May, A. D. 1825.”

In entering on a recapitulation of the miseries, which, as a middle-aged quadriller, I have encountered, I doubt not some of your readers in that situation may recognize in them a similarity to what they have endured. I have recently arrived from India, where I had been stationary fifteen years. I was twenty when I went out ; therefore my age is easily determinable, without recourse to the aid of Cocker. Having brought with me a dilapidated liver, I hastened as soon as I conveniently could to Cheltenham, in the hope of promoting its restoration. All was gaiety and amusement. Concerts and balls gave equal opportunities to the lovers of song, and the lovers of dance, to gratify their taste. My own had al-

ways been for the latter. In the servants' hall in my father's mansion, in the country, or on the green sward in the neighbouring village, I had ever been foremost in the train of Terpsichore. Nor had my predilection abated with years. I therefore availed myself of the first opportunity to attend the assembly-rooms, for the purpose of indulging in my favourite recreation. My surprise was great at finding, on entering the room, a considerable portion of the company engaged in *cotillions*, as I then erroneously fancied the quadrilles to be. I inquired of Colonel S., who accompanied me, how long these ancient and by-gone dances had been resuscitated into fashion? He softly whispered, "My dear fellow, do not betray yourself; they are not cotillions—they are called quadrilles."

"And do they not dance country-dances at all?"

"Not here, certainly: at Margate, perhaps."

"And will they figure away in these things all the evening?"

"Perchance they may diversify them by a Spanish dance."

"By a what?"

"A kind of waltz."

Here, too, I was at fault; and, fearing that the manifestation of such ignorance might implicate Colonel S.'s taste in the choice of his companions, I resolved against interrogating him farther, and requested him to accompany me for a few minutes to the Plough, that I might be initiated into the names and technicalities of the present reigning dances. This was soon accomplished; and, on returning to the assembly, while gazing on the elegant movements of the dancers, I determined on endeavouring to emulate them, and placing myself under the tuition of the ablest professor that London could afford. This design I carried into effect, and, on my arrival in the metropolis, became for six months the indefatigable disciple of Signor V——. It never entered into my imagination that youth is the only season for acquiring

the accomplishment, and that neither application nor perseverance can compensate for the elastic step and ease of deportment so essential to its effect, which is scarcely attainable in mature years. Great and incessant were the efforts I made to qualify myself for a situation in the Lancers and Cuirassiers, and, when not practising with my master, I enlisted the chairs of my drawing-room into my service, as substitutes for pupils. I had declined several invitations to quadrille parties, which I received during the period of tuition; but when a ticket came from Lady Fortescue's for one at her house on the 14th instant, the recollection of her beautiful daughter Marian, and the possibility it gave me of waltzing with her, resolved me to acceptance. The evening at length came, and, while waiting for my carriage, I employed the time in making my last effort with my rose-wood auxiliaries; and I then executed every movement and every step with undeviating precision. The chariot was at my door—I leaped into it—and, while rolling along, passed a mental eulogium on McAdam for the facilities he afforded me for gaining an early *entree* at Lady Fortescue's. Behold me, then, in her splendid saloon, almost overcome with the blaze of light and beauty that flashed around me, and half overpowered with the union of the various perfumes, artificial and natural, that saluted my senses. Lady Fortescue immediately introduced me to the partner I much desired, in the person of her eldest daughter; and when I felt the lovely Marian leaning on my arm, I forgot, in the pleasure, the very circumstance that had consigned her to my temporary care. Who could look on her and remember any thing else! I was aroused to recollection by her gentle voice modulating my name—"Mr Simple, it is time for us to take our places." I was then on the eve of my first public quadrille; and the idea communicated to me a sensation of pain, far too strong for a man to experience on so trifling an occasion.

"Where would you like to stand?" I falteringly inquired.

"O! I always take the top; one is quite lost at the side," she replied.

So much the worse, I thought: but, assuming an air of courage and pleasure, I led her to the top of the room. The orchestra commenced Weber's spirited air, "Bless'd by Bacchus, Rosy Wine;" and, with the first movement of the music, I made mine; that is to say, eight bars before my time. I felt I was wrong, that no corresponding action was taking place, and I fell back in nervousness and confusion. Determined on not again falling into the error, I ran into the contrary extreme, and was so late in beginning, that I had fairly to run after my partner in *Chaine Anglaise*, and after all, only caught her in time to *Balancez*. I perpetrated the rest of the figure as vilely as I could wish *not* to have done. I need scarcely tell you, that in the space allowed for conversation, I made no allusion to any subject likely to recal the recollection of my unskilfulness; therefore plunged at once into the Diorama, Water-Colour Exhibition, Belzoni's Tomb, and Catalani's concerts. By the way, there seems to be but one set of subjects for quadrillers at present, differing only in the order of their introduction; for I could hear, that just as we had dismissed Catalani from our service, our neighbours were taking her into theirs. Just as the signal for recommencing was about to be given, Miss Fortescue whispered—"Now, this is a very easy figure, and it is my favourite—*L'Ete* affords more opportunity for grace than any in the set."

Then the opportunity will be lost by me, I thought to myself. Plain and simple as the figure is, I contrived to spoil it. As the demon of contrariety would have it, whenever I should have done the *chassez* to the right side, I did it to the left, and *vice versa*; therefore, instead of retreating from my partner, I invariably pursued her. I heard a half-smothered laugh at my expense, and the voice of an exquisite drawling out

to his companion, "He is fairly hunting the lady down!" when I once more found myself licensed to stand still. During this cessation, I employed the period, not in the bewildering exercise of talking, but in retracing the ensuing figure. Memory assisted me, and I executed *La Poule* in unerring accordance with established custom, as far as the evolutions were concerned; I speak not of steps—of these I vainly endeavoured to remember any. On observing that Miss F. banished from her use the regular ones, and introduced a waltz-step instead, I fancied I could do the same: but beyond the act of rising on my feet one moment, and sinking the next, my waltz-step bore no resemblance to the graceful original. Fearing that my incorrigible stupidity must have lowered me in Marian's opinion, I sought to restore the balance of favour by throwing flattery into the scale. I had often noticed with admiration the beauty of her hair, which, true to taste, and not to fashion, was not *crepes* and *bowed* into stiffness and unbecomingness, but fell, or to speak literally, was made to fall into a thousand dark shining poetical ringlets; each of which was worthy of a poem as incomparable as Pope's on Mrs Arabella Fermor's rifled lock. I therefore, without any infraction of even Mrs Opie's strict definition of truth, offered a respectful eulogium on her exquisite tresses. She smiled in apparent pleasure at the compliments, and kindly inquired if I quite remembered *Pastorelle*, and playfully added, "Now I shall have an admirable opportunity of judging of my partner; for you know I am a spectator, while you are to gratify us with a display alone." I had not forgotten this, nor how I had pitied the luckless wights whom I had beheld crimsoned with confusion, while figuring to be laughed at. I will not attempt to describe how I executed my part in this quadrille; it would not have disgraced a Vauxhall dancer! Can I say more? However, but for the horror I suffered during

my operation, I might look back to *Pastorelle* as the pleasantest portion of the dance ; for I committed neither trespass nor error in it. I was absolutely becoming not only serene, but cheerful ; when my peace was invaded, and my mind transformed into a chaos of confusion. *L'Ete* was represented for the last figure, with the addition of the *Grande Chaine*. I had fulfilled my task to my own satisfaction, and apparently to Miss Fortescue's ; when, urged by the fatal wish of atoning by spirit and agility, in the eyes of the assembly, for the unfortunate errors I had committed, I ventured, in the concluding link, on a fanciful twirl : not with my feet—that would have involved only myself : but my partner's co-operation was essential to the display, and I wished to waltz ; her hands were in mine, and I gracefully turned them over her head, when—oh ! fatal mischance—my arm touched her flowers (somewhat roughly, I confess) and myself being rather short, and the pyramid of roses being somewhat high, I dislodged them from her head ! But, alas ! not them alone—combs were entangled with them, curls were attached to them ! Yes, Mr Editor, “at one fell swoop” I brought all to

the ground ! The tresses, whose gloss and luxuriance I had so fondly prized, lay separated from the head, where I had fancied they had grown, at my feet ! and Maria Fortescue appeared a crop ! Never shall I forget the shame, almost amounting to agony, depicted in her countenance. What could I do, what reparation offer, for such a public mortification ? None.—I attempted apologies, but my voice was so choked, they were inaudible. The set was broken up ; the room was in an uproar ; and I availed myself of the confusion to rush from the house, solemnly protesting never to enter it again, anathematizing quadrilles and false hair alternately. Arrived at my chambers in Albany, the only relief I could think of was to make you a party to my misfortunes ; with the hope that though my own are beyond remedy—for can I ever hope to retrieve myself in Miss Fortescue's esteem ?—the publication of them may prevent others from falling into the same. With many regrets for intruding on your notice,

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

HARRY SIMPLE.

LE MORT A TUE LES VIVANS ;*

A TALE BY HENRY SLINGSBY.

A STRANGER, on his way to Chamouni, stops at a cottage, where he sees a female object of attraction, and hears, from the clergyman of the neighbourhood, the following history of her family.

“This cottage was built by Pierre Boisset, a peasant of the neighbouring valley. He was at that period about forty years of age, and bore the character of one of the most honest and good tempered men of his district. He had been married early ; but his wife had died, leaving to him

one son, who, after vexing his father with all the wickedness of a wayward boy, had quitted his home ; and, no tidings having been heard of him for some years, it was supposed he was dead. Pierre, after living unmarried for a considerable time, was captivated by the charms of the youthful daughter of a peasant of Balme ; and although his age was no recommendation to his suit, yet his reputation for a kind and manly disposition gave his pretensions the advantage over wooers of greater personal at-

* The dead man has killed the living.

tractions; and notwithstanding the disparity between eighteen and forty, he made the blooming Catherine his wife.

"Immediately before his marriage, having obtained a grant of the land upon which this dwelling is situated, he built it for the reception of his bride. After the performance of the nuptial ceremony he conveyed her hither; and here he dwelt in a state of tranquil happiness which is equally beyond the reach and the comprehension of the rich and proud. One daughter was the only fruit of this marriage; and the beauty of her person and the amiability of her temper rendered her the pride of her parents, and more than counterbalanced the pain which the misconduct of his son had occasioned to Pierre.

"Time rolled on unmarked by any other occurrences than the change of the seasons, and the progression of the lovely Marie to blooming womanhood. She was now nearly eighteen years old; and, although the place of her abode was so remote, she was celebrated for beauty and goodness throughout the valley. Those bad passions, which flourish so luxuriantly in the rank soil of cities, find no place, or at least no encouragement, in these simple regions. Of the fair peasants who frequented the church, Marie was the most beautiful; and I believe that, notwithstanding all the common-place sayings about female envy, not one of them could have been found to dispute her title to that distinction.

"Her hand had been sought by Jaques the son of the richest man in the commune: you may smile when I tell you that he was the Cræsus of the neighbourhood, because he possessed a comfortable cottage, and half a score of cows. In point of wealth, Marie, too, was by no means a contemptible match. The heiress of old Pierre, who although he had no cows, had an extensive stock of goats—and whose cottage, though not remarkable for the facility of its access, was sheltered and substantial—might, without any great advantage

of person, have looked among the best of her neighbours for a husband. The attachment of the lovers was approved by the parents, and they waited only for the arrival of the spring to consummate their happiness.

"During the winter, however, Pierre, who had enjoyed that uninterrupted health which is ever the consequence of temperance, happened, in descending the mountain, to slip and fracture one of his legs. This accident, though by no means so serious in itself as to have endangered his life, yet, from the difficulty of obtaining chirurgical assistance, soon put on alarming appearances; and, on the arrival of the medical practitioner, three days afterwards, he pronounced his patient to be in considerable danger.

"My services (continued the good priest) were then required; and I was summoned to administer those consolations which are most eagerly sought when human remedies appear to fail. I was now surprised by a visit from a soldier in the uniform of the Austrian service. He was in a state of considerable intoxication; but he informed me, as intelligibly as he could, that he was the son of Pierre Boisset, and that, having obtained leave of absence from his regiment, he had come hither to see his father. I was grieved for the afflicting intelligence I had to impart, and still more to see the condition into which this young man's excesses had reduced him. He received the news of his father's danger with the most perfect apathy, proposing, however, to accompany me on my visit. On our way, I found, from his narrative, that, since he had quitted the valley, his life had been passed in riot and bloodshed, and all those vices which, though not necessarily the consequences of the military profession, are too often its accompaniments. Those irregularities, which in a boy might have been amended, I saw had now ripened into serious and irreclaimable vices.

"Upon my arrival at the cottage, I had become tired and disgusted with my companion, and could not help entertaining a suspicion that his visit to his father had some interested motive. I found old Pierre in such a state as convinced me that he had a very short time to live; and, having discharged the duties of my sacred calling by administering the last ceremonies of religion, I informed him of his son's arrival. The good old man, who was aware that his dissolution was about to take place, signified a wish that he should approach. He reached out his hands to give him his blessing, which the son received with an air of stupid insensibility.— "You return in a sad hour, my son," said the expiring parent; "and yet it is a consolation to me to see you once more before I die. I trust that time and experience have eradicated those faults which were the cause of your misery and of mine; and while my last prayer is, that your death-bed, though far distant, may be as tranquil as mine, remember that integrity and piety alone can make you happy in this world, and in that to which I am hastening." He sank upon his pillow as he finished speaking, and his strength gradually declining, his eyes at length closed, and he died without the precise moment of his dissolution being perceived. His wife and daughter were overcome with their emotions, and remained kneeling by the bedside. The soldier alone stood unmoved, and, muttering something about his having arrived only just in time, he coolly lighted his pipe at a lamp which hung in the room, and sat down amongst us. When the females were in some degree recovered, I intimated to the son that it would be better for him to retire. He grumbled, and seemed reluctant; but at length arose, and without taking the slightest notice of his mother and sister-in-law, he walked out.

"After offering such consolation as was in my power to the widow and her daughter, and leaving them in the care of some humane neighbours, I

prepared to return home. I soon overtook the son of the deceased Pierre, whom I found complaining of the difficulty of the descent, interlarding his speech with the most vulgar imprecations. With the exception of this occasional blasphemy, he preserved a sullen silence, and on arriving at the turning which led to my dwelling, he quitted me abruptly.

"It is the custom in this country to bury the dead very shortly after their decease, and I learned that the next day but one was fixed for the interment of the remains of old Pierre. I attended as was my duty, to accompany the corpse, and found the cottage filled with the neighbours and friends of the family. The coffin lay in the midst, and the mourners were seated round it. The disconsolate widow sat overwhelmed with grief; and her daughter beside her, endeavouring to comfort her looked like an angel. The saddened tone of her features, and the tears which dimmed the brightness without diminishing the beauty of her eyes, rendered her still more engaging. They waited, as I understood, for the son, who had intimated his intention of bearing his father's coffin to the grave. At length he arrived, bringing with him a companion, of notoriously bad character, who had proposed himself as a suitor to the fair Marie, but had been indignantly rejected.

"The son soon manifested symptoms of drunkenness; and, looking round him with a rude stare, he at length went up to the widow and, accosting her, said, "I am come to bury my father; but, before we set out, you must know that you cannot return to this house. It is mine; that is to say, it was; and I have sold it to my honest friend here," pointing to his companion. The widow looked up, but seemed incapable of speaking. At length she said, "you will not, surely, have the cruelty to turn me out of my house?" "Your house!" he replied with a sneer; "I tell you it is *mine*! It was my father's: he died, and I am his heir. As to turning you out, that is not my affair; if

you can persuade this gentleman," pointing again to the man who stood beside him, "to let you stay, I'm sure I have no objection."

"At this moment I thought proper to interfere. "Young man," I said, "I charge you, by the respect which you owe to the memory of him whose mortal remains lie before you, and whose spirit is at this moment witnessing your deeds, to forbear your wicked purpose. If you are entitled, as you say, and as I fear is true, to this house, at least postpone your claim until your father's widow and his daughter have some other dwelling. Would you turn them upon the desolate mountain, homeless, and without the means of sustenance, at this season when the very beasts of the field cannot abide the inclemency of the weather?"

"I tell you again," said the apathetic ruffian, whom drunkenness had made still more brutal, "that I have no voice in the business: the house was mine, and I have sold it with all that belongs to it. You should try to persuade the man who has bought it."

"The person to whom he alluded stepped forward as he spoke. He was about fifty years old; thin, with a hooked nose and small eyes, and of a most forbidding aspect. The people in the neighbourhood said he was a Jew, and I believe they were right in their conjecture. He approached the distressed widow: "Madam," said he, "there is a very ready method by which you may retain possession of your dwelling: if the offer which I made to Marie, your fair daughter, and which I now repeat, shall be received with less scorn——The gentle Marie, who, on ordinary occasions had seemed of so mild a temper that the slightest exertion was foreign to her nature, started from her seat, her eyes glancing with indignation:—"Monster!" she cried, "you shall find that the base and cruel plan you have laid shall be defeated. Not for worlds would I marry you; begging and absolute want would be happiness compared to the disgrace of being united

to a shameless and unmanly wretch, who has thus sought to increase the load of a widow's affliction in her most trying agony." She flung her arms around her mother's neck—"We may be poor and desolate, my dear mother; but we shall, at least, have the satisfaction of not deserving our misfortunes."

"The hardened villain shrank back, abashed at the rebuke of the young mountaineer. The by-standers murmured, and proposed to put him out by force; but I checked them. "My friends," said I, "do not let any violence on your part add to the outrage which has this day been offered to the dead. It is only for a time that the wicked appear to prosper; their own guilt shall one day bear them down, and bitterly shall they repent the daring impiety which they have now committed. In the mean time remember that they carry with them the contempt of every honest man; and, successful as they appear to be in their wicked designs, which of you would not rather be this houseless and bereaved widow and orphan than the men who stand before you?"

"They were calmed: some of the elder villagers who had known the son, had now gathered round him, and were endeavouring to persuade him to undo the disgraceful contract he had made. It was in vain; he listened at first indifferently, and at length impatiently, to their representations, till, with a volley of imprecations, he asked why they did not proceed with the funeral. Finding that all remonstrance was useless, they at length set out by a mountainous road to the churchyard. The alleged purchaser of the cottage went on some yards before; and the son and three of the deceased's relatives bore the coffin. The widow, leaning on her daughter's arm, and accompanied by some friends and neighbours, followed at some distance. It was in the middle of winter, and the difficulties of the road were increased by the lodgments of ice in various parts of the rocky path. The worst

parts of the rocky path. The worst part of the road had been passed, and the procession had reached a turn in the rock, when the son, with a movement of levity, and because he thought all danger was over, took a long step: his foot slipped, he fell upon his face, and the coffin was loosened from the hold of the other bearers by the violence of the shock:—it fell upon his head, and the blow produced instant death! The impulse thus given to the coffin, was so great that it turned over on one side, and continued to roll towards the intruder who had preceded the company, and who had now gained a lower portion of the rock. He saw it coming, and earnestly, but vainly, tried to escape; the coffin struck him on the legs, and he was hurled over into the deep abyss, when the trunk of a pine tree prevented the farther descent of the corpse. A cry of surprise and horror burst from the following mourners. The body of the

son was picked up totally lifeless; but that of the other man was not found until the next day—so mutilated and disfigured that it would have been impossible to have recognized it but by its dress.

“When the consternation caused by this event had in some measure subsided, the coffin was recovered, and was borne without further accident to the churchyard, where it was quietly interred. There being now no person to dispute the right of the widow and Marie to their cottage, they returned thither; and, having addressed the assembled villagers upon the fearfully-mysterious event which had just happened, I retired to my own home to meditate upon the awful and righteous dispensations of Providence. The female whom you have just seen is the Marie of my tale, and the mountain path is still pointed out, and the remarkable effect of the loaded coffin referred to, by the words *Le Mort a tue les Vivans.*”

HEAVEN.

WEEP, mourner, for the joys that fade,
Like evening lights, away—
For hopes, that, like the stars decay'd,
Have left thy mortal clay;
Yet clouds of sorrow will dispart,
And brilliant skies be giv'n,
And though on earth the tear may start,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
Amid the bowers of heav'n;
Where songs of praise are ever sung,
To angel-harp, by angel-tongue.

Weep, mourner, for the friends that pass
Into the lonesome grave,
As breezes sweep the wither'd grass
Along the whelming wave;
Yet though thy pleasure may depart,
And darksome days be giv'n
And lonely though on earth thou art,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
When friends rejoin in heav'n;
Where streams of joy glide ever on,
Around the Lord's eternal throne.

JEWISH EVENING.

THE sun is set, and yet his light
Is lingering in the crimson sky,
Like memory beautiful and bright
Of holy men that die.

O'er Tabor's hill, o'er Baca's dale,
The shades of evening softly creep,
Softly as mother draws the veil
To wrap her infant's sleep.

The dew's fall gently on the flower,
Their freshening influence to impart,
As Pity's tears of soothing power
Revive the drooping heart.

The twilight star from Hermon's peak
Comes mildly o'er the glistening earth;
And weary hirelings joy to seek
Their dear domestic hearth.

Who sends the sun to ocean's bed?
Who brings the nightshade from the west?
Who bids the balmy dew's be shed?
Who gives the weary rest?

Even He, who, at the season due,
Sends forth the sun's returning light,
Whose mercies every morn are new,
Whose faithfulness each night.

LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN FARMER TO A FRIEND IN EDINBURGH.

*Banks of the Delaware,
February, 1826.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I FEEL truly sorry for having so long delayed answering your kind and friendly letter, introducing Mr ——. I had often intended writing to you long before then, but I am too dilatory at all times in any thing which requires writing, and am in arrears with all my friends. I purchased my farm — years ago; and although it has constantly occupied my time since then, except when I had to go many hundred miles for a wife, and suffered nineteen attacks of the ague, I might certainly have found time to tell you, that I had not forgotten your kindness during my residence in Scotland. Having been brought up, and lived in the fields, almost all my life, it has unfortunately become too irksome to me to sit down and begin a letter. This, however, is the second letter I have commenced to you. I am afraid all this is a very bad apology; but does not Swift say, "He that is good at an excuse is good at nothing else?"— This letter I *will* finish.

I was sorry to hear such an account of the state of your health, and of your domestic loss. I can truly sympathize with you in both; for I have been a wretched martyr to disease myself, and am now the father of a little, fat, rosy, turbulent girl, full of health, with an excess of animal spirits. I hope she will long remain so. Mr — staid a few days with me; he seems to be a generous, warm-hearted fellow, and an honest, enthusiastic republican; and, as Judge Cooper says, if a man is not so when he is twenty, what sort of a wretch will he be when he is fifty? Mr — is settled in the state of New-York. I hope he will succeed, and I do not see why he should not. I am comfortably fixed here, upon a farm of — acres, — miles from Philadelphia, for which I paid at the rate of seven dollars an acre. It was

much out of order, and miserably exhausted by bad farming. The Americans have much to learn in this profession; they farm pretty much as they used to do in England and Scotland fifty years ago; but they are improving. In a few years I think I shall do the "old country" some credit; I wish it were as free from tithes, taxes, game-laws, and other obstructions to improvement and happiness, as this is.

You have heard and read much of the *republicanism*, rudeness, familiarity, inquisitiveness, *equality system*, &c. &c. of the American labourers and servants;—a greater libel never was made upon any nation. I have no hesitation in saying, and I should have no hesitation in telling any Englishman who said he met with all this rudeness, insolence, familiarity, &c. that in 99 times in 100 that he met with it, he brought it upon himself; that he deserved it, and a good castigation besides. I have seen Englishmen here, and Americans too, who have richly merited a good flogging. I have always found the labourers civil, willing, obliging, and extremely well-behaved in their language, manners, and general deportment; particularly before and to women, rich or poor; this is a proof of a high degree of civilization in any country. I have seen the men run to assist a woman when carrying a bucket of water or piece of wood, with the greatest gallantry. I can truly say of the Americans, (I speak of them in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, and other large towns,) as an honest Irishman, just come from Hayti, said of the blacks: "they are a thousand times more civil and better-behaved than my own countrymen, God bless them." Of course, as you go west, civilization diminishes. In the back woods they are often, but not always, inquisitive; so

they are in the Highlands of Scotland, and in every country of the world, when placed in the same circumstances. Some of the foolish travels in, and letters about this country, published in England, say there is no distinction of ranks here, and that all classes associate together; there is no country where the distinctions of rank are more strongly marked, observed, and kept up: I think a great deal too much so: there is no country in the world where there is a greater aristocracy of wealth than in this. But to refute all the falsehoods and disgusting trash written about America, would fill a volume. Lieutenant Hall is the only gentleman who has travelled in it, but he staid too short a time to judge correctly, Miss Wright wrote too hastily likewise, and she was too young and enthusiastic; fifteen years hence she would write a better book. Mr Birkbeck scampered through the country as he wrote: the sooner all the rest are burnt the better. Birkbeck is now Secretary of State in Missouri. The great fault the Americans have is their love of money, and they might often be more honourable in their dealings. There is no want of good society here; we have plenty of opulent merchants, and retired men of fortune; one of my neighbours, a most respectable man, is a brother of Mr — in Edinburgh. We have English, Scotch, Irish, German, French, and all sorts. I sold a cow the other day to one of Bonaparte's Waterloo officers. We are thus a strange mixture.

I am sorry to see the writers in the Edinburgh Review so ignorant of the state and government of this country. In one article, the Wabash is made a tributary to the Mississippi; a state is sometimes called a province,—two very different things. When they speak of the expenses of the government, they do not add those of the 24 states and two territories, which are considerable. The expenses of the general government are levied upon the imports and sale of public lands, &c.; those of the state gov-

ernment chiefly by direct taxation, &c. A late writer in the Review says, "we have stage-coaches without springs, and no poor-rates." I wish the writer was correct with regard to the latter point. With regard to the former, I can say that I never was in a coach yet without springs, and I never saw one without them, although our coaches are certainly not so good as those in England. My poor-rates last year amounted to ten dollars, although this township and the adjoining one have a *workhouse* with a farm of 200 acres and more, for the employment and support of the paupers. This, considering the high rate of wages, the cheapness of food, and full employment for every one, is more in proportion than any poor rates in England. There are sometimes from 12 to 1500 persons in the workhouse in Philadelphia, and as many in that of New-York. They cost in Philadelphia above 100,000 dollars per annum, and the whole system is miserably conducted. My road, state, and poor-taxes, amount to about 30 dollars per annum. Being in the county of Philadelphia, I have to pay many of the city expenses; in other counties, the taxes are about six or eight dollars, and sometimes ten, per 100 acres altogether.

I prefer this country to England. I like the climate much better, and it is more pleasant to farm in. When it rains, we know when we shall have done with it; but still it is hard to be driven away from old friends and relations, and many good things, by taxation, tithes, and game-laws. I could never think of living in England again, while those things remain to their present extent. I have met with several good friends here. The Americans are perhaps not so hospitable, warm, and open, as the Scotch and English; but they improve wonderfully when they know you. They are very shy and reserved, particularly at first, and apparently very indifferent about you, and even one another; but they are kind and generous when there is occasion for it,

and willing to assist their neighbours. I have known many instances of this. I shall mention one :—Soon after I came here, I was obliged to borrow a sum of money upon mortgage : a gentleman near me, with whom I had no intercourse, and who could then know little of me, lent it to me in the handsomest manner ; I had afterwards to make an apology to him for being in arrear with the interest, owing to the fall in the price of produce, and my property in England being still locked up ; he smiled, and said, “ I knew you would not be able to pay me when I lent you the money,” and then talked about something else. This anecdote, I think, speaks volumes.

Manufactures are increasing rapidly, and public improvements are going on with great spirit. This country will be independent of Europe in spite of every thing. The President is chosen to-morrow. I am sorry to see Jackson so near gaining the election. Remember me kindly to Mr ——. With my best wishes for the restoration of your health, and my best thanks for your former kindness and hospitality, believe me to be, in grateful remembrance of them, with great regard and esteem, yours, &c. &c.

Thank God, I saw La Fayette's entrance into Philadelphia ; such scenes do the heart good.

May I hope to hear from you ?

THE EXCEPTION.

IF the relation of the following fact, which is unhapily too true, should give pain to the admirers of the fair sex—amongst whom I have been proud to rank myself since my fourteenth year—they must console themselves with the reflection that it is merely an *exception*, and that the finest fruits are not all spared by the canker-worm.

Roderigo, a gallant Spaniard, united himself for love with a poor but beautiful maid named Bianca. He flattered himself that she loved him in return, and all his friends believed it, as they were daily witnesses of their tenderness ; they themselves believed it too ; for a woman always loves, but does not always know *what*, and therefore imagines that she loves the nearest object.

After a lapse of time an estate in Naples devolved to the Spaniard, and it was necessary that he should repair thither to take possession of it. Should Bianca accompany him ? It seemed as impossible to her as to himself to separate. They accordingly embarked together, but had been only a few days at sea, when they had the misfortune to be captured by an Algerine pirate. The only

consolation which remained to them in slavery, was, that they were not separated, but sold to one master ; who, observing their mutual tenderness, restrained himself from all attempts on Bianca's conjugal virtue, not from any honourable feelings, but from avarice, thinking to extort a higher ransom from the rich Spaniard.

Roderigo wrote letter after letter to his nearest relatives, entreating them to dispose of all his possessions, and remit him the money, that he might ransom his beloved wife. Being the heirs to his property, they were in no hurry to execute his commission, but would rather have seen him perish in slavery. The honest Roderigo suspected nothing of this. While waiting with the most anxious impatience for pecuniary supplies, he became acquainted with a French renegade, a handsome and agreeable man, who showed them many little attentions, that helped to lighten the burthen of their chains. He was the first to open the Spaniard's eyes to the conduct of his relatives, and to advise him to return and manage his affairs himself, and then bring the money to redeem his greatest treas-

ure. Roderigo represented the affair to his master, who confiding in the honesty and love of his prisoner, granted him permission to go to Spain, while he retained Bianca in pledge.

The loving pair separated amid streams of tears. Roderigo hastened home, converted every thing that he possessed into money, and in a few months returned to Algiers with the cheerful prospect of ransoming his Bianca, and then living with her, impoverished indeed, but still rich in possessing her in his native land. It was evening when he arrived with a chest containing all that he possessed. Bianca received him with an appearance of strong affection. He wished to go and pay her ransom upon the

spot; but she persuaded him to postpone it till the morning, and now to seek repose in her arms. Sweetly slumbered the tired traveller, sweetly he awoke; and his first thought was his Bianca's freedom. But in vain he looked around for her. She had fled in the night with the renegade, and taken his chest with her!

Roderigo remained a slave, but Heaven had compassion on him. The base conduct of his ungrateful wife, not the ignominy of bondage, nor the cruelty of an enraged and disappointed task-master, speedily broke his spirits and his constitution, and brought him in the bloom of manhood to an early grave.

THE SUPERANNUATED MAN.—NO. II.

A Clerk I was in London gay.—O'KEEFE.

A FORTNIGHT has passed since the date of my first communication. At that period I was approaching to tranquillity, but had not reached it. I boasted of a calm indeed, but it was comparative only. Something of the first flutter was left; an unsettling sense of novelty; the dazzle to weak eyes of unaccustomed light. I missed my old chains, forsooth, as if they had been some necessary part of my apparel. I was a poor Carthusian, from strict cellular discipline suddenly by some revolution returned upon the world. I am now as if I had never been other than my own master. It is natural to me to go where I please, to do what I please. I find myself at eleven o'clock in the day in Bond-street, and it seems to me that I have been sauntering there at that very hour for years past. I digress into Soho, to explore a book-stall. Methinks I have been thirty years a collector. There is nothing strange nor new in it. I find myself before a fine picture in the morning. Was it ever otherwise? What is become of Fish-street Hill? Where is Fenchurch-street? Stones of old Mincing-lane

which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six and thirty years, to the footsteps of what toil-worn clerk are your everlasting flints now vocal? I indent the gayer flags of Pall Mall. It is Change time, and I am strangely among the Elgin marbles. It was no hyperbole when I ventured to compare the change in my condition to a passing into another world. Time stands still in a manner to me. I have lost all distinction of season. I do not know the day of the week, or of the month. Each day used to be individually felt by me in its reference to the foreign post days; in its distance from, or propinquity to, the next Sunday. I had my Wednesday feelings, my Saturday nights' sensations. The genius of each day was upon me distinctly during the whole of it, affecting my appetite, spirits, &c. The phantom of the next day, with the dreary five to follow, sate as a load upon my poor Sabbath recreations. What charm has washed that Ethiop white? What is gone of Black Monday? All days are the same. Sunday itself—that unfortunate failure of a holyday as it too often proved,

what with my sense of its fugitiveness, and over-care to get the greatest quantity of pleasure out of it—is melted down into a week day. I can spare to go to church now, without grudging the huge candle, which it used to seem to cut off the holyday. I have Time for every thing. I can visit a sick friend. I can interrupt the man of much occupation when he is busiest. I can insult over him with an invitation to take a day's pleasure with me to Windsor this fine May-morning. It is Lucretian pleasure to behold the poor drudges, whom I have left behind in the world, carking and caring; like horses in a mill, drudging on in the same eternal round—and what is it all for? I recite those verses of Cowley, which mightily agree with my constitution.

Business! the frivolous pretence
Of human lusts to shake off innocence:
Business! the grave impertinence:
Business! the thing which I of all things
hate:
Business! the contradiction of my fate.

Or I repeat my own lines, written
in my Clerk state:

Who first invented work—and bound the
free
And holyday-rejoicing spirit down
To the ever-haunting importunity
Of business, in the green fields, and the
town—
To plough, loom, anvil, spade—and oh!
most sad,
To this dry drudgery of the desk's dead
wood?
Who but the being unblest, alien from
good,
Sabbathless Satan! he who his unglad
Task ever plies 'mid rotatory burnings,

That round and round incalculably reel—
For wrath divine hath made him like a
wheel—

In that red realm from whence are no re-
turnings;

Where toiling and turmoiling, ever and
aye

He, and his thoughts, keep pensive worky
day!

O this divine Leisure! A man
can never have too much Time to
himself, nor too little to do. Had I
a little son, I would christen him No-
THING-TO-DO; he should do nothing.
Man, I verily believe, is out of his
element as long as he is operative.
I am altogether for the life contem-
plative. Will no kindly earthquake
come and swallow up those accursed
cotton mills? Take me that lumber
of a desk there, and bowl it down

As low as to the fiends.

I am no longer J——s D——n,
Clerk to the Firm of, &c. I am
Retired Leisure. I am to be met
with in trim gardens. I am already
come to be known by my vacant face
and careless gesture, perambulating
at no fixed pace, nor with any settled
purpose. I walk about; not to and
from. They tell me, a certain *cum*
dignitate air, that has been buried so
long with my other good parts, has
begun to shoot forth in my person.
I grow into gentility perceptibly.—
When I take up a newspaper, it is
to read the state of the opera. *Opus*
operatum est. I have done all that
I came into this world to do. I have
worked task work, and have the rest
of the day to myself. J. D.

THE DUELLIST—A FRAGMENT.

* * * * *

IT was not very late when Sidney
returned home, and Clara had not
retired to rest. The pale and hag-
gard looks of her husband alarmed
her—but he said he felt fatigue and
wanted rest, and that after he had
written a letter, which was necessary,
he should go to bed; but he entreat-
ed her to leave him, and seek that

repose of which he felt assured she
was so much in need. His manner
to her was particularly kind and ten-
der, and several times he was on the
point of soliciting her forgiveness for
the unmerited treatment she had re-
ceived from him, but was withheld
by the dread of alarming her, as he
thought she would suspect he had
some motive for his unusual conde-

scension. When she had left the apartment, Sidney had leisure to reconsider the events which had passed that evening. He blamed his own precipitation, and deplored the excess of passion into which he had allowed himself to be transported. The sudden death which perhaps awaited him, in a few short hours, and the overwhelming agony of Clara on being formed of it, presented itself to his imagination. To dwell on it, however, was useless: he had given his word, which he could not retract without being branded with the name of coward, and by the laws of honour he was bound to fulfil his engagement. He cast his eyes round the apartment, and sighed as he beheld various little articles of Clara's taste and skill in drawing. He had never before viewed them with so much interest, but now—perhaps he gazed on them for the last time. Opposite to the chair where he sat hung the portrait of Clara. He took the light to examine it—it had been taken by the express desire of her father, in the days of their happiness, before he felt any symptom of the disease that had terminated his existence, and Clara was there represented in the first freshness and innocence of her maiden beauty. "She is indeed sadly changed," said he; "all is gone save the whiteness of her brow, and the same gentle and sweet expression which renders her countenance so interesting and attractive. Oh, that we had never met! At least, that it had never been our fate to marry. She might then have bloomed on, the same fair and fragrant flower, and I have been at liberty to gaze on her loveliness without my present bitter pang of self reproach." Sidney put down the light, and walked in a perturbed manner up and down the apartment; but his eye fell on an elegant workbox of Clara's, which he had himself given her. He could not, in his present mood, resist the temptation he felt to view its contents, for even the most minute articles belonging to *her* he was about to part from, now possessed a double value. The

contents were all arranged with the utmost neatness; there was a small parcel wrapped in paper, and tied round with a blue ribbon, lying in one corner, which soon attracted his attention. He undid the covering, and perceived the parcel to consist of a quantity of his own notes and letters to Clara previously to their marriage. "And does Clara still think these trifles worth preserving so carefully?" said Sidney, as he replaced them. "I may not look at them, for, alas! how ill have I fulfilled the promises and protestations with which I won her gentle heart, and which in these letters are so lavishly poured forth." Sidney sat down; for this proof of the affection which Clara entertained for him overpowered him with remorse. The fatal meeting that must take place on the morrow sounded in his ear as the death-knell that would for ever separate him from Clara and from happiness. Not without deep emotion did he think of the world of disembodied spirits which he might soon join, and of the little concern and consideration he had given to eternal subjects, which now he felt were indeed of all all others the most important, and that to face death with true tranquillity of heart and resignation of spirit, it is necessary to have an humble confidence and belief in the supporting power of an Almighty yet merciful God.

He sat some time absorbed in reflection, when he remembered that his long absence would perhaps alarm Clara; and though he felt it impossible to sleep, he resolved to appear to do so, as he much wished that she might not observe his departure, fearful that her questions would occasion the betrayal of his agitation, which he wished to hide from her observation. The morning broke, at length, and Sidney watched the gradually increasing light with intense interest. He was extremely solicitous to avoid disturbing Clara, who appeared sunk in a deep and refreshing sleep. Gently slipping on his cloths, he dared scarcely to breathe lest he should

awaken her. He stole on tiptoe to the side of the bed where she lay, to take, as he thought, perhaps a last look at her. As he stood gazing, Clara smiled in her dream, and Sidney's anguish almost overcame him, when he thought how soon her smile would be changed to tears, when made acquainted with the cause of

his absence. He longed to imprint one kiss on her fair cheek, but he refrained—for her sake. His eyes filled with tears—he dared not trust himself to look any longer on the beloved being before him, but rushed from the room in agony. * * *

STANZAS FROM THE ITALIAN.

Love, through a crowd of guards one day,
Gaily pressed to the bower of Beauty ;
Reason and Prudence he charmed away,
And cast a veil o'er the eyes of Duty ;
But *one* potent rival still remained,
More firm, more watchful than all beside ;
And when Love had a glance from Beauty gain'd,
She was quickly checked by the frown of Pride.

Love with a smile his arrows hurled,
Pride scowling bade her to surrender :
Love talked of a sweet and sunny world,
And Pride of a world of state and splendor,
At length Love wove a rosy band,
And woo'd the maid to its flowery fold,
While Pride by his side, in stern command,
Held a brilliant chain of burnished gold.

Beauty in praise of Love's roses spoke,
But Pride waved his chain in the sun's bright ray,
She bent her neck to the glittering yoke,
And Love spread his wings, and flew away.—
Now she widely strove her chain to sever,
She called him back, she wept, she sighed,
But all in vain—Love has fled forever,
And she pines in the tyrant grasp of Pride !

ON HORSE DEALING.

THE mysteries of this noble science are so interesting, and some of them so entertaining, that I have no doubt a detail of them will be highly acceptable to your readers. The worthies who take up this honourable profession may be divided into two classes—the regular and the irregular. The first consists of those who are brought up in it by way of a livelihood ; the latter, of those who pursue the sports of the field, and who style themselves gentlemen.

Which of these two parties are the greatest proficient in their calling, it would be no easy matter to decide ;

but the skill and dexterity manifested by both is undoubtedly a subject for admiration. The regular dealer, whose interest it is to buy and sell sound horses if he can, seldom takes any other advantage than what he can derive from demanding an extraordinary profit. He buys a horse to-day, and sells him to-morrow ; and is obliged to warrant him sound, of which fact he has no other means of judging than by putting the animal to the usual tests ; but he can know little of the horse's qualities in so short a length of time, and consequently is not so responsible on that head, as

the gentleman-dealer who sells a horse that he has had in his possession a twelvemonth, and with whose defects he must of course be well acquainted : and this he will not scruple to do even to his best friend.

If the regular dealer shews a horse for sale, he avails himself of the customary aids of ginger, whipcord, and one or two other little expedients, such as pushing up the front of the bridle as high as it will go, in order to hide the lower part of the ears, and thereby make them appear smaller than they really are. The horse is then placed by the side of a wall, with his fore legs on a spot of raised ground, perhaps half a foot higher than that upon which the spectator stands, so that the horse appears to be nearly a hand higher than he really is. He is then run up and down the ride, with his head held as high as possible ; and the whip at his haunches, producing such a state of agitation, as completely to disguise his natural bad action, and even to conceal any tenderness in his legs and feet. The next proceeding is for the dealer's man to mount him, and here the same skill and dexterity are brought into play. As soon as he is mounted, the rider holds his hands as low as he can, so that the reins may intersect a part of the withers—thus increasing the apparent length of the neck. During the progress of these operations the dealer is not idle, but runs over the whole catalogue of perfections that a horse is capable of possessing ; and this with such perseverance, as frequently to make the purchaser believe that the animal is a perfect nonpareil. Thus, if the horse has any particular bad point about him, the dealer takes care to praise it, well knowing that the good points will speak for themselves. I remember some years ago, seeing an old dealer who was paralytic, and with one leg in the grave, shewing a horse to a greenhorn ; when the animal happening to stumble and nearly fall in being run up the ride, the old fellow (with his head and hands shaking like a Chinese fig-

ure) immediately exclaimed, " Playful rogue ! playful rogue !" thus proving true to his calling to the last hour of his existence. The branch of horse dealing which is most worthy of attention, is that of horses advertised for sale. These, in the slang phrase, are called "*plants* ;" that is, the horse is placed at some private stable for the purpose of sale. He is then advertised, and all his wonderful properties detailed ; and generally concluding with stating, that he would suit any elderly or timid gentleman, or carry a lady, although he would infallibly break their necks the first time they mounted him. Should any person be caught by the advertisement, and apply for an inspection of the horse, the first person he sees is a fellow drest up for the occasion in a groom's jacket, who is appointed to shew the animal. But before he brings him out of the stable, another hero, drest up in the same way, enters, and commences the following dialogue :—" Why, Tom, how happens your master to part with this horse ; he is the best he has in his stud." " Ah," replies Tom, " I wonder at it ! I have often told him he is the best he has got, but master's whimsical, and is fond of chopping and changing."—The inexperienced purchaser swallows all this as gospel, buys the horse on a warranty which the seller makes no scruple to give, and most probably discovers, on the very next day, that he has been most egregiously cheated. The unfortunate dupe goes to the seller to return the horse, and generally finds that he has marched off in the night without beat of drum, or else (if he has the impudence to stand his ground) he offers to take the horse back, and gives the buyer a promissory note, or some other security of equal value, so that the purchaser may generally take leave both of his horse and his money ; and this is a true description of the advertising system in nine instances out of ten.

One of the best devised plans of this sort was carried into effect some

time ago, at one of the great Repositories in London. At these places it is the rule to allow but three days for returning a horse as unsound. A horse, not thoroughly sound, was sent there for sale, warranted sound, and sold at the regular auction. The seller went to the person who bought him, as a stranger, and pretending to lament that he had not been in time to buy the horse for his master, asked him if he would sell him; upon which the other replied that he had no objection, if he got a profit. The first party then said he would buy him, but he must first write to his master who lived at some distance in the country, and that he could not have an answer in less than three days, but if he would keep him for that length of time he would be sure to take him. In consequence of this representation, the horse was kept in the stable until the three days (the period allowed for returning) expired, when the unfortunate purchaser discovered that he had been cheated, when it was too late to obtain the remedy; the successful knave bidding him defiance, and laughing at him for his credulity.

Before I quit the subject of Repositories, I shall take occasion to notice a practice which is become very prevalent at these places.—About half a dozen or more second-rate dealers, when a horse is brought up to the desk, immediately surround him (if they think he is worth the buying), and completely shut out the rest of the bystanders from either seeing or examining him. One of them then addresses the auctioneer, by asking, what is the price of the *screw*, meaning a lame one, or the *bull*, meaning a roarer. One or two questions of this sort effectually deter any of the spectators from bidding, under the idea that the animal is really affected in the way which these worthies insinuate; and the consequence is, that the latter buy him at their own price, and afterwards divide the spoil. The only way to obviate this unfair mode of proceeding, is to give in the lowest

price to the auctioneer, with directions not to let the horse go for less.

The practice of attempting to make an aged horse appear younger than he is, and which is called “bishopsing,” is performed in the following manner:—an artificial cavity is made in the lower corner tooth, with an engraving tool; a hot iron is then applied to make it black in imitation of the mark which is seen at seven years old; but an experienced person will readily discover the difference between this and the natural mark, by the yellow edge which surrounds the black mark, and which is occasioned by the hot iron drawing the oil of the tooth to the surface. There is also a manifest difference in the form and appearance of the best of the teeth, which become more horizontal; the upper teeth projecting beyond the under teeth, and the hinder part of the upper corner tooth forming an angle over the tooth immediately under it. These are characteristics of age, which all the skill and dexterity of these worthy artists can neither alter nor remove. The ridges of the palate also become smoother as the horse grows older. The foregoing are the tricks of the regular second-rate dealers, and it is but fair to state that the gentlemen dealers seldom descend to the same practice. They however contrive to escape responsibility when they sell a doubtful horse, by saying it is not their custom to warrant a horse sound, from fear of being involved in disputes. It is true this in some degree reduces the price of the horse if sold to a person who has not much confidence in patrician honesty, but there are always young sportsmen enough to be found, who seldom consider the result, provided they can show off with a new nag. There are several of the *non-warranting* gentlemen who are hangers on to every Hunt in the kingdom, and who contrive to pick up a tolerable livelihood by accommodating young Nimrods with seasoned hunters, and by setting their necks, every time they go out, against a hundred guineas. I

remember a gelding that was sold in the Warwickshire Hunt for 700 guineas: he was eleven or twelve years old, and had been much worked.—The purchaser had about three days' hunting out of him, and sold him back again to the original owner for 130 guineas; and this, extraordinary as it may appear, is by no means a singular instance of the kind. Before I conclude this article, I shall present you with the vocabulary of the dealers for the edification and

and amusement of your readers:—*A Horse dealer*, a coper; *a Gunner*, a horse blind of one eye; *a Woodman*, a crib biter; *a Bull*, a roarer; *a Piper*, broken winded; *a Screw*, lame; *Snitch*, the glanders; *a Roman*, hurt in the back; *a Jack*, a spavin.

By the help of this vocabulary these worthies can carry on a conversation amongst themselves, as unintelligible to the bye-standers as Greek or Hebrew.

A SACRIFICE OF LOVE TO A SENSE OF RELIGIOUS DUTY.

A LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER LOVER.

To the most generous and noble of men;

SUCH has my heart long thought you, and never so much as in this cruel moment, when the most painful sense of duty forces me to forego all that my heart can wish or value. If there is indecorum, or impropriety of any kind in confessing this, surely it may be forgiven after what has so recently passed, and as a poor relief to the sorrow which dictates what I am about to write—if I can write. The secret of my inmost bosom you possess, and scarcely do I regret that it has been unveiled. I will never retract it, never disguise the effect which accomplishments, goodness, and delicate kindness, have had upon the friend you have been pleased to distinguish! Ah! that you had not been so generous, that you were less candid, less good, less noble! How much of this bitterness would then be spared me! How comparatively easy the struggle that seems to burst a heart, which feels (alas! that I should use such language) that it cannot be yours and God's at the same time.

Oh! that your mind, so admirable in all honourable principle, so alive to tenderness, and all that a woman can love, would open itself to religious truth! That it will, that it must, is my persuasion, my conviction as well as my wish. But till it does so, forgive a poor struggling girl (who is

miserable in either alternative), if she has acquired force of mind enough to sacrifice her fondest, softest wishes, to what she conceives to be her duty.

Oh! Mr Tremain, think not this resolve has been made without effort, without even pain and sorrow, which, on my knees I have prayed fervently of that God to whom I have made this sacrifice, may be spared to *you*. I, who alone am doomed to afflict you, ought alone to be the sufferer—and ah! believe that I do suffer. The tears which flow while I write, Heaven will, I hope, forgive, though the feeling that prompts them seems to rebel against that Heaven while they do flow. I trust that strength will be given me to control the weakness (shall I call it so?) that makes me falter. Yet if you should mistake or misjudge me; if the man who, I have confessed, is the master of my heart, and who has given me the rich gift of his own, should suppose that I am capricious or unsettled in my knowledge of myself—that my affection is lightly won, or easily parted with—sacrificed in short to any thing but my God—dearly and terribly will my misery be enhanced. But Mr Tremain is too just to do this. It is my wretchedness to think that he cannot perhaps appreciate the extent and urgency of the duty

which governs me, even to the seeming extinction of my happiness. But he will at least allow for my principles; he will think me sincere, and not look down upon me as a wavering woman.

Hear then the result of my pure, my sacred, and, as far as human influence is concerned, my unassisted resolve.

Loving, reverencing and fearing God as I do, adoring him in his providence, and humbling myself before him with trembling resignation, it revolts me to think that he who could absorb my earthly love, my fondest attachment, my whole reverence and esteem, should think little of all these sacred feelings;—that he should disparage my mind's most ardent devotion; should, instead of participating in it, seem by his conduct to resist all that my soul holds most awful and dear;—all this terrifies me to think of. What would it do if the thought were daily and hourly worked up into every act of my future life? What would be the effect of this vital difference practically showing itself, where all ought to be union without alloy?

Forgive me, oh! forgive me, if I feel sure that it could not come to good; that to you I could not be *your* Georgina, the Georgina you have fancied; and that to *me* you could not be that unerring, that infallible guide, to whom I would on all occasions commit my spirit to be directed, as my lord, my governor, and king.

It is true you made an offer that penetrated my heart, and shook my resolution; but how, and in what moment? Ah! let your own heart

answer, and say what place there then was for reason or resolution, when the sudden surprise of tenderness displaying itself for the first time came upon me: I am sure this will not be fixed upon me, by the most generous of men, to my disadvantage. The prayers I afterwards poured out to the Ruler of all things were heard; and God has given me strength to address you as I ought. It is he who tells you (and not I) that your proposal, generous as it is, would of necessity be abortive—that my unhappiness at your doubts would not be the less, because they were concealed, and that you would not the less lament my supposed weakness, because you had kindly consented, as you thought, never to probe it. It is the voice of God, and not mine, that tells you this. How weak mine alone would be, my throbbing heart indeed too fatally convinces me. Listen then to this powerful voice, that implores you, for your own sake, to seek him with fervor and sincerity; seek and you shall find him; and when you *have* found him, need I say that you have found me? But till then, though shattered, unnerved, torn with contending emotions, and weighed to the ground with distress, my way is yet clear before me, pointed out by Heaven itself; nor dare I swerve from it. Alas! that I should have to say it leads me from *you*. I can scarcely write the words; my kind father will tell you the rest, and it is my weakness (throwing itself upon *you* for support) that bids me add the necessity there is, until a happier time shall dawn, that we should meet no more.

SONG.

I HAVE a summer gift,
A sunny gift for thee;
See this white vase, where blooms
A beautiful rose tree.

And on its crimson leaves
Your heart must moralize,

For love a lesson takes
From every leaf that dies.

First you will prize the gift
In all its scented pride;
Its newness then will pass,
And 't will be flung aside.

Then autumn rains will stain
Its bloom with a dark token ;
The plant will perish then,
And the white vase be broken.

Will not Love's tale be told
In the fate of the rose tree ?
Such was at first your love,
Then your neglect of me.

VARIETIES.

THE GREY MARE THE BETTER HORSE.

THIS well known proverbial saying originated from the following circumstance. A gentleman of a certain county in England, having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and at the same time possessed of many other charms, he found, not long after marriage, that she was of a high domineering temper, and always contending to be mistress both of him and his family, therefore he formed the resolution of parting with her. Accordingly, he waited upon her father, and told him, that he found his daughter of such a temper, that he was heartily tired of her, and if he would take her home again, he would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman, having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and, consequently, no more than he might have expected when he entered into the married state. The young gentleman desired to be excused if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion ; that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled, and most certainly no man who had a sense of right and wrong could ever submit to be governed by his wife. "Son," said the old man, "you are but little acquainted with the world, if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all, indeed, by the same method ; however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said upon this proof, if you are willing to try it. I have five horses in my stable : you shall har-

ness these to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing an hundred eggs, and if, in passing through the county, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and one egg only where the wife governs, you shall find your eggs gone before your horses, I hope you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home, and look upon your own wife as no worse than her neighbours. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home again, and you shall keep her fortune.

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected. Our young married man therefore set out with great eagerness to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and of his wife.

At the first house he came to, he heard a woman, with a shrill and angry voice, call to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any further inquiry : at the next he met with something of the same kind, and at every house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county. He knocked at the door, and inquiring for the master of the house, was told by a servant that his master was not yet stirring, but if he pleased to walk in, his lady was in the parlour. The lady, with great complaisance, desired him to be seated, and said, if his business was urgent, she would wake her husband, but had much rather not disturb him. "Why, really Madam," said he, "my business is only to ask a question, which you can resolve as well as your husband,

if you will be ingenuous with me; you will, doubtless, think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question, but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, Madam, my desire to be informed, whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you." "Indeed, Sir," replied the lady, this question is somewhat odd, but as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say, that I am always proud to obey my husband in all things, but if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me, for here he comes."

The gentleman at that time entering the room, and after some apologies, being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favour, upon which he was requested to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most, but the lady desired he would choose the grey mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side-saddle: her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be the most useful to them, but madam still persisted in her claim to the grey mare. "What," said she, "and will you not take her then? But I say you shall, for *I am sure the grey mare is much the better horse.*" "Well, my dear," replied the husband, "if it must be so,—" "You must take an egg," replied the gentleman carter, "and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavour to live happy with my wife."

INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.

The dispute whether animals be guided by instinct or by a reasoning faculty, although, perhaps, an unprofitable one, seems to me to be by no

means decided. However, in addressing you, I am far from wishing to revive that controversy, and still further, to make your valuable pages the vehicle of it; my object is only to furnish you one or two *facts*, which may be of service to the philosopher, while they will amuse the general reader.

I do not know whether the practice pursued by the lower orders, in the vicinity of Smyrna, by the way of amusement, in depriving the brooding stork of her eggs, and substituting hens' eggs for them, is generally known. The following, however, is the curious result related of it.

"As soon as the chickens are hatched, and the male stork discovers the pollution of his nest by the appearance of those bastard birds, he raises a tremendous cry, with which he collects all his neighbor storks, who, on beholding what they must consider as the *corpus delicti*, instantly fall on the innocent mother, and peck her to death; while the deceived male, standing at some distance, seems to bewail his misfortune by a loud and melancholy clapping of his beak."

I read this anecdote some time since in a respectable German author; but should hardly have given credit to the circumstance, had I not been in possession of one of a similar kind, which was related to me several years ago by a farmer, who had been an eye-witness to the transaction.

"A great many storks used to meet every autumn on a large meadow near Oggersheim, on the Rhine, there to keep council, as the country people termed it, previous to their emigration to distant climes. About twenty years ago, when they had again assembled in their usual place of rendezvous, to the number of about fifty, without being disturbed by the people, who were watching them within a short distance, they suddenly formed a ring round one individual, whose appearance bespoke great alarm. One of the party then seemed to address the conclave by clap-

ping, for about five minutes. This was either the party aggrieved, or the *diavolus regis* in person; he was followed by another, by a third, and a fourth, in regular succession, each speaking or clapping alone without any interruption, not even that of "hear him!" At last, however, they all joined in a chorus, and falling on the poor culprit or victim in the middle, despatched him in a few seconds. This act of justice or tyranny performed (for I could not learn whether the defendant was allowed to defend himself, either in person or by counsel), they rose up in a body, and, one taking the lead, took their flight towards the south."

ANECDOTE.

The lady of Marshal de Mirepoix, who died at Brussels in 1792, at a very advanced age, retained to her last moments all her wit and gaiety of disposition. On the day of her death, after receiving the last sacrament, her having observed to her that he found her considerably changed for the better, she replied: "This is bad news you announce to me, now that every thing is prepared for the journey, I would much rather set out."

IRISH NAIVETE.

A sporting friend of mine, well known on the turf, and living a short distance from that centre of attraction, Newmarket, while one day going over his paddocks detected a poor young Irish hay-maker poking about his premises, apparently with no good design, and *viewed* him:—"Halloo! my lad, where do you come from?"—"From county Mayo, your Honour!"—"And pray what the devil brought you all the way into my premises?"—"Beg your Honour's pardon, I was *ounly* looking for a bit of work to give me a morsel of bread, and *divil* a friend in the world have I! and sure I can handle a pitchfork or a spade pretty, your Honour!"—"What! such a hearty fellow as you get no work! Then go and enlist—they want such lads as you."—"Sure, and that I would,

your Honour, but I'll not be long enough for them."—"Well, but you'll grow, you're young."—"Grow, did you say? Och! by J—, I don't know how I'm to grow, except it'll be thinner that I'll grow, walking about day and night, and divil a copper to comfort me!"

THE ISLAND OF DAGO.

Some years back the proprietor of this island, Baron ———, built a house on an elevated situation, crowning it with an octangular tower, in which large mirrors of plated glass were disposed to reflect the light, so as to resemble the lighthouse; this room he occasionally caused to be illuminated, while the proper lighthouse was kept in darkness; deluded by the artifice, many vessels were wrecked on the coast, with the loss of many of their crews; the cargoes were then seized by this monster, and appropriated to the gratification of his infamous cupidity. At length the Captain of a vessel, who had been a sufferer in consequence, ventured to wait upon the Baron, intending to upbraid him with his treachery; it happened that a person who had officiated in the family as a tutor, had experienced a fit, and was supposed to have died, so that his corpse had been laid out in one of the apartments of the castle. Into this room the Baron conducted his victim, and there, dreading a disclosure of his villanies, murdered him with an axe. At this junction the supposed corpse recovered its sensibility, and witnessed the cruel scene; but had the prudence to continue motionless until the inhuman monster had left the apartment, when he availed himself of the opportunity to escape to Riga, and gave that information which terminated in the wretch's perpetual banishment amid the savage wilds of Siberia; there, a prey to conscience and remorse, he dragged out the miserable remnant of an existence, already too near its close to allow time to expiate a life of such dreadful depravity.

ITALIAN MARBLE.

At Carrara, the value of a cubic foot of marble varies according to the size of the block. A block of the finest white statuary marble of an hundred cubic Italian palms, equal to four tons English, would be twenty francs a palm, while a smaller block, of twenty or thirty cubic palms, would not exceed ten francs a palm. A block of four tons would be worth about £80 sterling at the quarry. $6\frac{1}{2}$ palms of Carrara, superficial measure, are equal to five feet one inch English. Twenty-five cubic palms are equal to $13\frac{1}{3}$ cubic English feet, or one ton.

THE BLIND HORSE.

A young Nobleman was lately boasting of the superior abilities of a famous blood horse he had recently purchased, and offered to back him at leaping against any horse in the country. An *ould one* ridiculed the idea, and said he had a blind hunter that should *leap over what the other would not*. A wager to no inconsiderable amount was the consequence, and day and place appointed. The time having arrived, both parties appeared on the ground with their nags; when laying down a straw at some distance, the *ould one* put his horse forward, and at the word "over," the blind hunter made a famous leap; while neither whip nor spur could induce the other to rise at all. The wager was consequently lost by the boaster, who learnt to his cost, that in some instances a blind horse may do more than a young one in his prime.

ANECDOTE.

A Highlandman had enlisted raw from his native hills, and who, I believe had never seen any thing of the kind before. When he came for his allowance of the coffee, which was now nearly done, the cook was skimming it off the top very carefully, to avoid stirring up the grounds. Donald, who thought this a scheme to keep all the good part to himself, exclaimed, "Tam your plood! will you'll no gie some o' the sik as well as the sin?" "Oh, certainly," said

the cook, (who was a bit of a wag;) and, stirring the grounds well up, he gave him a double portion. Donald came in, chuckling with satisfaction at having detected the knavery of the cook, saying, "If she'll socht to sheat a Highlandman, she'll be far mistook." And, seeing the rest of his comrades breaking bread in their coffee, he did the same: by this time the eye of every one in the tent was on him, scarcely able to refrain from laughing. Donald began to sip it with his spoon; but after taking two or three spoonfuls, grinding the coffee between his teeth, and making wry faces, he threw the tin, contents and all, out of the tent door, "Tam their coffee! you might as weel chow heather, and drink pog water as that teevil's stuff. Gie Donal a cog o' brochan before any o' your tea or coffees either."

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A gardener in Germany, much disposed to doubt of his wife's affection for him, having been to church one Sunday morning in the winter, returned home almost frozen with cold. His wife having stepped out, he threw himself upon his face, and stretching himself at length appeared on her return as if really dead. Finding him in this situation, she first lifted up one arm, then the other, and then a leg; all of which dropping as it were insensibly, she concluded he was really dead; but it being dinner time, and she very hungry, she was at a loss whether to have her dinner, or to call in the neighbors first. However, as she thought there would be time enough for lamentation after dinner, she cut two slices of bacon off a side that hung up, broiled them, and finished her repast with as much haste as she could. But just as she was taking a pot to go for something to drink, a neighbour coming to the door, she concealed the pot, and began to cry, "Ah, my poor husband! my dear husband! what shall I do now?" "Do now," said her husband, (raising himself up,) "why, go and get some beer to your bacon! what would ye do?"